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THE

LIFE

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

WITH

A VIEW of his WRITINGS,

AND

Many curious ANECDOTES of his NOBLE PATRONS.

As well as of his

Cotemporary WITS, FRIENDS, and FOES.

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M.DCC.LX.

THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

THE glory of one nation over another, ariſeth chiefly from the greater number of heroes, and ſuperior genii ſhe hath produced; therefore the tranſmitting of their hiſtories to poſterity, is the ſureſt method of increaſing their mother country's fame.

As much honour redounds to Greece for having produced immortal Homer, as for the moſt renowned of her warriors: Italy rejoiced as much in giving the world a Virgil as a Cæſar: nor is England leſs proud of her Milton than of her Marlborough.

After death, the illuſtrious of all the different claſſes of merit, walk hand in hand the paths of immortality. Few among the poets, ancient or modern, deſerve to be wreathed by Apollo, ſo well as Alexander Pope, whoſe life we are going to write in a clear ſuccinct manner; which the public has been long deſirous of, not ſatisfied with that crowded ferrago which already hath been impoſed on it; and having quite exhauſted its patience in waiting for the ſo long promiſed one by the Coloſſus-bully of literature, as the miſ-eſtimator of the principles and manners of times calls him.

Foreigners too have expreſſed on many occaſions a very great deſire of ſeeing a conciſe and dilucidated account of the life of Pope, diſencumbered from all matters not immediately connected with it: which to execute is our preſent attempt.

On the eighth of June 1688, Alexander Pope was born. His father's name was Alexander, diſtantly related to the earl of Downe, and Editha, daughter of William Turner, eſq; of York.

No univerſity in Europe but would have deemed it an honour to have had the education of ſo elevated a genius. But

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on one ſide, his conſtitution being very weakly; and, on the other, his parents being ſo very tender of him, they would not conſent to his being out of their ſight.

They therefore procured domeſtic tutors for him of their own, the Roman Catholic religion; under whoſe guidance, being men of learning and taſte, he made a rapid progreſs, and is an illuſtrious proof, that men may become great in the arts and ſciences, without being confined within college walls. His poetical genius manifeſted itſelf very early; for, according to his own frequent declarations, the time of his beginning to write verſes was ſo early in his life, that he could ſcarcely recall it to his memory.

When he was yet a child, his father, who had been a merchant in London, and was retired to Binfield, with a fortune of about twenty thouſand pounds, would order him very often to compoſe Engliſh verſes.

The old gentleman, it ſeems, who had a nice ear, and was not eaſily to be pleaſed, would therefore oblige young Alexander to make frequent alterations. When corrected ſo far to his liking, as to be approved by him, he would peruſe them

over and over with great pleaſure, ſaying, "These are good rhymes."

Such early commendations from a fond and reſpected parent, ſeconding the ſon's natural bent, have been probably the cauſe of his determining to render himſelf conſpicuous in the poetic art.

He had been taught to read very early by an old aunt, and had learned to write through his own indefatigable induſtry, by copying printed books, which he did with great accuracy and elegance. When he was eight years old, he was put under the direction of one Taverner a prieſt, who taught him at the ſame time the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues.

About that time he accidentally met with Ogilby's tranſlation of Homer, which, notwithſtanding the inſipidity and flatneſs of the verſification, by the force of the ſtory attracted his attention. The next poetical book that fell in his way was the Ovid of Sandys; and it is reported, that the raptures he felt in reading theſe tranſlations were ſo ſtrong at the time, that to the end of his life he related them with pleaſure.

At the age of ten he was put to ſchool at Hyde-Park-Corner, to which he had been

been brought from a popiſh ſeminary at Twiford, near Wincheſter. Being carried to ſee a few plays, he was ſo ſtruck with dramatic repreſentations, that he turned the chief events of Homer into a kind of play, conſiſting of a number of ſpeeches from Ogilby's tranſlation, connected with verſes of his own.

He was very aſſiduous to prevail on the upper boys of the ſchool to act in this piece, which the curious would be glad were preſerved. The character of Ajax was repreſented by the maſter's gardener, and young Pope modelled the actors dreſſes from the pictures of Ogilby, the moſt valuable part of his book, they having been executed by maſters of merit.

Drawing towards the age of twelve, he retired with his father to Windſor foreſt, who was a man of exceeding good moral character, loved ſilence and ſolitude, and therefore had long reſolved to withdraw from London, to which he was then more ſtrongly induced by his ſon's bad ſtate of health. About this time, in the year 1700, the firſt poem that has been publiſhed of young Pope's, is an ode on Solitude, which, as it thoroughly expreſſes his natural inclination (for he was always

fond of retirement and privacy) we chooſe to inſert, and alſo in a view of ſhewing how ſenſibly and correctly he wrote in that early time of life, wanting ſome days of twelve years.

Happy the man, whoſe wiſh and care,
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whoſe herd with milk, whoſe fields with [bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter fire.

Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days and years ſlide ſoft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound ſleep by night, ſtudy and eaſe,
Together mixt, ſweet recreation,
And innocence, which moſt does pleaſe,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented, let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

Soon

Soon after their retirement to Windſor foreſt, young Alexander peruſed the works of Waller, Spencer, and of Dryden. The ſecond of theſe is ſaid to have made a poet of Cowley. However contemptible a bard Ogilby is, yet he deſerves our grateful remembrance, on the account of his works having given the firſt poetic pleaſures to young Alexander, and inſpired him with a notion of dedicating himſelf to the muſes.

Virgil, to the amazement of his cotemporary wits, was fond of Ennius, and when aſked by them how he could read ſuch ſtuff, his reply was, " That in En-
" nius's dunghil he had found pearls."

Men of middling talents require all the apparatus of art, and pomp of expreſſion, to fix their attention; but the rays of a great genius, like the rays of the ſun, can penetrate into the loweſt valley, and call forth thoſe beauties, whoſe ſeeds lie there neglected.

Young Pope, on the firſt ſight of Dryden's works, abandoned all others, and, ſtruck by ſympathy, adhered to an author to whom he felt himſelf ſo congenial, having ſince almoſt rivalled him in

imagination, and far ſurpaſſed him in judgment.

He made Dryden's works the pleaſure of his mornings, and the delight of his evenings, modelled his ſtyle and verſification on them. The latter he has brought to ſo great a perfection, as not to bear an improvement, and which ſo few being able to imitate, moſt of our poets employ blank verſe.

About fifteen years of age he began to write his *Alcander*, an epic poem, of which he ſpeaks with ſo much candour, as the ingenuous reader will be glad to ſee, from a paſſage preſerved in his preface to his own works.

" I confeſs there was a time when I " was in love with myſelf, and my firſt " productions were the children of ſelf- " love upon innocence. I had made an " epic poem, and panegyrics on all the " princes of Europe, and I thought my- " ſelf the greateſt genius that ever was. " I cannot but repeat theſe delightful " viſions of my childhood, which, like " the fine colours we ſee when our eyes " are ſhut, are vaniſhed for ever."

The celebrated Dr. Atterbury having read this early production of young Pope, adviſed

adviſed him to commit it to the flames, as may be inferred from one of his letters, " I would have interceded for the firſt " page, and put it, with your leave, " among my curioſities."

It is reported, that many of the anonymous verſes quoted as examples in the Art of Thinking, were of the *Alcander*. The author, who, like Mr. Pope, can ſo far diveſt himſelf of the over-weening paternal fondneſs poets are liable to, as to turn into ridicule his own miſapplied figures and turgid writing, will in time become a correct writer.

Nothing very correct and faultleſs can be expected in very early years from a truly elevated mind, whoſe genuine ſigns are a noble extravagance, and wild exuberance. In youth a premature exactneſs is an unequivocal evidence of future ſterility and flatneſs, and moſt certainly denotes a frigid mind.

Pope, in his boyiſh days, was ſo far from being fond of childiſh ſports, that he would not engage in any that were noiſy; the weakneſs and badneſs of his conſtitution not permitting him much exercise; ſo that except the time he amuſed himſelf in learning to draw, he was almoſt conſtantly em-

ployed in reading the beſt books, or converſing with thoſe by whom he could be improved.

By the time he was ſixteen years of age, he had a very good acquaintance amongſt people of faſhion, eminent for their judgment of men and manners. By converſation with them his mind was greatly enlarged, kept in action, and conceived the firſt ſeeds of a noble emulation to become in time conſpicuous and admired.

His father's retired abode in the foreſt being at Binfield near Oakingham, and in the neighbourhood of Sir William Trumbull's eſtate, that knight ſoon became a valuable acquaintance to our young poet; and his firſt entrance into the polite world, even whilſt he was under tuition, is to be dated from his intimacy with Sir William.

As this gentleman was young Pope's firſt patron, and uſhered him on the great theatre of the world, we think it not amiſs to give our readers a ſhort account of him.

Sir William Trumbull was born at Eaſt-Hamſtead in Berkſhire. He was fellow of All-Souls College in Oxford, ſtudied the civil law, and was ſent to Tangier,

Tangier, the ſecond judge-advocate, by Charles II.

He was from thence ſent envoy to Florence, Turin, &c. and in his way back, envoy extraordinary to France, from whence he was ſent ambaſſador to the Ottoman Porte by king James II.

He was in the ſucceeding reign appointed one of the lords of the treaſury, and ſecretary of ſtate with the duke of Shrewſbury; but in the year 1697 he reſigned the ſaid office.

Chuſing to enjoy, in a philoſophic retirement, the remainder of his days at Eaſt Hamſtead, where he had been born, he withdrew thither, and in the month of December, in the year 1716, expired, in the ſeventy-ſeventh year of his age. Young Mr. Pope, in his poem on the foreſt, celebrated that retirement. His firſt paſtoral, written by him at the youthful age of ſixteen years, was, with the warmeſt ſenſe of gratitude, addreſſed to his worthy patron Sir William Trumbull.

It is to be obſerved, that two years before he wrote his paſtorals, he had tranſlated the firſt book of the Thebaid of Statius, which was pronounced by all the men of taſte who read it, the early promiſe,

and

and certain earneſt of the great poet he afterwards became, and which character he ſupported to his death, without any rival or competitor.

At the time we ſpeak of, we muſt look upon him as finiſhing his ſtudies of the beſt authors at home; and practically improving his mind, by converſing with the ingenious, the learned, and the polite.

We muſt place firſt on the liſt Sir William Trumbull, whom young Pope uſed to call his patron, having obtained his leave for ſo doing. Then follow Dr. Garth, Meſſieurs Wycherly, Walſh, Gay, lord Hallifax, and lord Lanſdown. He ſoon after made an acquaintance with Sir Richard Steele, Meſſieurs Addiſon and Congreve.

His *Paſtorals* having been previouſly peruſed and approved by the above mentioned lords and gentlemen, and others of the beſt poets and critics, were publiſhed. Their uncommon elegance of ſtyle, and ſmoothneſs of verſification, joined to the youth of their author, made them to be univerſally admired, and put in competition with the beſt productions of that kind in the Engliſh language. They were by many preferred to thoſe of Mr. Ambroſe Philips,

Philips, author of *The Diſtreſt Mother*, which led their partiſans to ſupport them in oppoſition to Mr. Pope's.

The diſputes that aroſe on the occaſion begot a mutual diſlike for each other in Meſſieurs Pope and Philips, and they were never after reconciled. Altho' their reſpective perſonal performances wear a very different complexion the one from the other, yet Sir Richard Steele undertook to form a compariſon between them.

Although, by all candid critics the poems in queſtion of both muſt be allowed to be paſtoral, yet Steele inclined to refuſe that appellation to thoſe of Mr. Pope, which he politely evaſive called too elevated, ſaying, they ſavoured too much of the golden age. He aſſerted, that Mr. Philips's was nearer the ſtandard of nature, having been careful to imitate Spenſer in ſome places; and that, where requiſite, he was capable of elevating his ſtyle.

This remarkable character was given of Pope as a writer, even from his firſt ſetting out, to wit, "That he took the "greateſt care of his works before they "were publiſhed, and had the leaſt con- "cern for them afterwards."

Yet, notwithſtanding this fine character, given,

given of Mr. Pope, the altercations carried on with a kind of rancour by his and Philips's friends, he could not help letting eſcape occaſionally ſallies of that powerful genius for ſatire, which he was one day to exhibit.

His reſentment was expreſſed either in dry or cynical terms, or elſe handed about by his admirers in very ſarcaſtic epigrams, tranſcribed in a diſguiſed hand. Philips and his party being worſted in the frequent ſkirmiſhes of wit, he talked of availing himſelf of his ſuperior bodily ſtrength: Mr. Pope's delicacy of mind and weakly conſtitution dictated to him to prudently ſhun every occaſion of ſuch rude encounters.

This diſpute receives a heightening of ridicule by the manner in which our late poet laureat deſcribes it in his famous letter, addreſſed to Mr. Pope, by way of a retaliation for all the poetical injuries he had received from him.

" I remember many years ago to have
" ſeen you, tho' in a leſs degree, in a
" ſcrape, that then did not look as if
" you would be long out of another.
" When you uſed to paſs your hours
" at Button's, you were even there re-
" markable for your ſatyrical ſpirit of pro-
" vocation.

" vocation. Scarce was there a gentleman " of any pretenſion to wit, whom your " unguarded temper had not fallen upon " in ſome biting epigram; among whom " you once caught a paſtoral tartar, " (Philips); whoſe reſentment, that your " puniſhment might be proportioned to " the ſmart of your poetry, had ſtuck " up a birchen rod in the room, to be " ready whenever you come within reach " of it: and at this rate you writ and " railed, and writ on, till you rhimed " yourſelf quite out of the coffee-houſe."

Mr. Pope's diſappearing from the coffee-houſe, which Mr. Cibber attributes to a ſenſe of fear, ſprang from another motive, which was, a ſenſe of the conſequence he was daily riſing into; and that therefore it was neither ſafe nor prudent for ſo excellent a genius, and ſo delicate a conſtitution as his, to venture himſelf among the ruffian bravoes of the quill.

So far in juſtice to his prudence as a great poet, and an ailing man. It muſt, however, be own'd by an impartial biographer, that all along Mr. Pope, from his youthful days, indulg'd too much a ſplenetic temper, and unable to bear any contradiction or oppoſition, he, to the utmoſt

of

of his power (which was formidable) ridiculed, or, in the ſenſe of ſome, rather butchered thoſe who offered any, which miſanthropic diſpoſition, more than ſufficiently apologizes for the late laureat's apoſtrophe to him.

" What a merry mixt mortal has na-
" ture made you, that can thus debaſe
" that ſtrength and excellence of genius
" ſhe has endowed you with, to the loweſt
" human weakneſs, that of offering un-
" provoked injuries; nay, at the hazard
" of your being ridiculous too, as you
" muſt be when the venom you ſpit falls
" ſhort of your aim: how then could
" you thunder out ſuch anathema's on
" your own enemies, for doing you no
" worſe injuries than what you think is no
" crime in yourſelf to another?"

It was about the time of this high diſpute, relative to the paſtorals of himſelf and antagoniſt, Philips, that young Pope began to correſpond by letters with ſuch of his learned friends as chanced to be at a diſtance from him.

One of his firſt letters is addreſſed to Mr. Wycherley, who was at leaſt above fifty years older than him, had wrote ſeveral applauded comedies, and was eſteemed by a learned and ingenious critic

to

to be one of the two, by whom in that age true comedy was hit on.

But wanting money in his latter days, he was deſirous of publiſhing ſome madrigals, which he had compoſed many years before, with ſome other pieces; all which he ſent to Mr. Pope, that he might make whatever corrections he ſhould think proper, and prepare them for the preſs in the beſt manner.

In compliance with the requeſt of Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Pope promiſed to reviſe his poems; and finding great room for amendment, communicated his thoughts thereon with all the candid freedom of a critic, which it ſeems Wycherley, from the natural foreneſs of authors, winc'd at, his pride not being able to bear reproof from a man ſo much younger than himſelf, and from whom he rather expected complimentary approbation, than ſevere, tho' juſt cenſure.

A rupture enſued between the veteran author and the young critic, for which the blame was univerſally laid at Wycherley's door, as may be collected from their letters on that occaſion. The latter did not ſurvive the diſpute but about five years, and thro' old age, as well as increaſe

creaſe of infirmities, expired in the month of December, 1715.

Some of the verſes which had been retouched by Mr. Pope, with three hundred and eight maxims in proſe, were found among his papers; which falling unfortunately into the hands of a mercenary, were made public in an octavo volume, in the year 1728, and intituled, *The poſthumous works of* William Wycherley, *Eſq*;

Notwithſtanding Mr. Wycherley's low behaviour to Mr. Pope, who had given no provocation, he retained a kind of reverence to the laſt, and never ſpoke of him, but he lamented the miſunderſtanding between them, which had no other cauſe but Mr. Wycherley's incurable jealouſy, weakneſs, and petulancy.

The thought of this diſagreeable pique uſed ſo far to irritate Mr. Pope, as to curſe the perſon or perſons (a thing not cuſtomary with him) by whoſe wicked inſinuations it had been effected.

Soon after the deceaſe of the unfortunate Mr. Wycherley, who may be juſtly called a truly witty, humourous, and natural poet, Mr. Pope's unalter'd benevolence to him appears in a letter to his friend

friend Mr. Blount, which plainly ſhews the high opinion he had of Mr. Wycherley's abilities; his reſpect to him as a good man, and his love of him as a valuable perſon, whom he was determined to be a friend to; altho' age, vexation, and the ill uſage he had received from his next heir, rendered him ſo froward and ſo peeviſh, as to be ſcarcely humoured, nay, hardly endured, by the beſt natured people. This unhappy ſituation of his mind was frequently exaſperated by his being open to, and deſirous of all calumnies and whiſpers againſt him. All men ſo inclined are ſure never to want cauſe of uneaſineſs and fretting.

Diſpleaſed with the abſurd and capricious temper of moſt people he met in public places, Mr. Pope uſed to frequent them leſs, but appeared by proxy from time to time in elegant performances, particularly the *Meſſiah*, a ſacred poem in imitation of Virgil's *Pollio*, which it far exceeds, being enrich'd with the rapturous imagery and expreſſions of the prophet Iſaiah.

Soon after appear'd that maſterly and unequall'd piece of landſkip poetry, called *Windſor Foreſt*, in which all rural beauties appear with advantage, thro' a perſpicuous elegance

elegance of ſtile, couch'd in the moſt eaſy and moſt flowing numbers, varyingly appropriated to the different ſubjects that are delineated.

Againſt all cavillers, who have maliciouſly endeavoured to prove that Mr. Pope had no invention, fancy, or imagination, and that all his merit conſiſted in being a correct plagiariſt, *The Rape of the Lock* may be quoted. It abounds with fancy and fine humour, and is the foremoſt of heroi-comic poems.

This truly elegant piece in five cantos was wrote to expoſe the little unguarded follies of the fair ſex. The paſſages are fabulous, and the machinery rais'd on the foundation of the Roſicrucian doctrine of ſpirits, according to which the four elements are ſuppoſed to be inhabited, the air by ſylphs, the earth by gnomes, the water by nymphs, and the fire by ſalamanders.

This celebrated poem, that has run thro' ſuch a number of editions, has more true humour and good natured mirth in it, than any other extant, either in the ancient or modern languages. Mr. Pope was about twenty-four years old when he wrote this poem.

It was firſt printed without the author's name

name; but after the addition of the machinery, (which was wanting before, and againſt which Mr. Addiſon, no proof of his taſte, is ſaid to have adviſed; and tho' jealous of Pope's riſing fame, as aſſerted by others, contemptible) the author publiſhed it with a dedication.

It appears by Mr. Pope's frequent ſtolen marches on the public, how cautious he was of making his fame ſecure, and not to hazard his name, by prefixing it to any ſmall work, till the ſucceſs thereof was ſettled.

This prudent conduct of his evinces, beyond the power of contradiction, that he was determined to enjoy either a proper fame, or to die in oblivion. Since him this practice has been us'd by ſeveral. Some of Mr. Pope's pieces had remained in a ſtate of probation for ſeveral years; for he was very ſlow to confeſs what many would not have loſt the pleaſure of immediately owning on any conſideration.

But Mr. Pope, altho' not ſo eager and greedy as moſt of the Parnaſſian gentry, who are in general impatient for applauſe, and irritable by cenſure, was yet deſirous of laying claim to the reputation of the beſt living poet, which he undoubtedly

ly was, having not even a diſtant competitor.

As ſuperior merit draweth always the malice of inferiors,

Urit enim fulgore ſuo qui prægravet artes
infra ſe poſitas,

ſo Mr. Pope drew upon him the envy of many of his cotemporary poets; and particularly the fury of Mr. Dennis, who, tho' a very good critic and tolerable poet, was miſtaken in regard to Mr. Pope; and being grown old in ill-nature, very unfairly, ungenerouſly, and impotently, attacked him, which he got no credit by.

Inaſmuch as this unhappy tempered man was one of the moſt malignant and perſevering detractors of Pope's fame, and whom in return Mr. Pope, generally ſpeaking, treated with Chriſtian compaſſion, for idly employing his time to abuſe him, and miſapply his talents, which he might have uſed to a better purpoſe, it will not be improper to give our readers ſome account of him.

Mr. Dennis, ſon of an eminent citizen of London, was born in the year 1657. He had, under the learned and pious Mr. William

William Horn, his firſt education at Harrow on the Hill.

He had ſchool-fellows there the late ord Francis Seymour, afterwards duke f Somerſet, and his brother, the preſent uke of Somerſet, with ſeveral others, who made a great figure in life.

From the ſchool at Harrow on the Hill he was removed to Caius college in Cambridge, where he took the degrees of atchelor, and maſter of arts, and ſome ime after made the tour of France and taly, being more deſirous of improving is mind than making his fortune.

He had been in his younger days very onverſant with ſeveral gentlemen about own, remarkable for their wit and gallantry. The early inclination he had for oetry, which may be dated almoſt from is infancy, brought him acquainted with ome of the moſt celebrated dramatic riters of the age; to wit, Meſſieurs Congreve, Southern, Dryden, Wycherley.

He publiſh'd a pamphlet, called, *Remarks on Mr.* Pope's *Rape of the Lock, in ſeveral letters to a friend*; and ſays in the reface, that he was provoked to it by he folly, pride, and petulancy of that ittle gentleman A. P. E.—which puerile manner

manner of calling Mr. Pope ape, by adding a capital E to the initial letters of his name, (hinting at his form, which was small, lean, and crooked) has something in it too low for contempt; and he fondly repeats it in the like manner, in the same preface, six times; for which dull conceit a young school-boy ought to be whipp'd.

The prolix and laboured criticism of Dennis has been long sunk in oblivion, but *the Rape of the Lock* flourishes with unfading beauty, and is sure of as many admirers as readers.

Dennis committed other hostile attempts, but equally unsuccessful, on *Windsor Forest*, *The Temple of Fame*, and the *Translation of Homer*.

He politely concluded his criticism on *The Rape of the Lock*, by calling Mr. Pope an ass; and appears as fretful as the porcupine, that there should be a poet, a great deal younger man than himself, coming, or rather come forward, whose head was justly wreathed with a greener laurel than his bald and dissatisfied pate deserved.

Mr. Pope did not at that time make any reply to this abusive criticism on *The Rape of the Lock*, and all other favours by Dennis, but treasured them

them up, to ſupply materials for the *Dunciad*, which we ſhall ſpeak of in its turn.

The *Rape of the Lock* has been tranſlated into French and Italian; and tho' diveſted in each of many of its original beauties, was well received in both kingdoms. The Italian ladies cannot but wonder, that ſo fine a creature as Belinda ſhould be ſo long unguarded, by her mother, aunt, or ſome perſon, entruſted to take care of her lock and reputation.

The French ladies, perhaps, from their uſual *gaité de cœur*, and innate fondneſs of gallantry, may perhaps ſee nothing to grieve at, or to make ſuch a fuſs about, as the loſs of a lock of hair; and merrily conclude, that ſhe might wear a têtê with curls as long again, to make up for the loſs, and put an end to her affliction. By all our reſearches we cannot find, that a tranſlation hath been made of Dennis's criticiſm on the ſaid poem into any language.

The next poem Mr. Pope publiſhed, and which procured him at the ſame time great envy, and great praiſe, was *The Temple of Fame*. He took the hint from Chaucer's *Houſe of Fame*. He has entirely altered the deſign. The deſcriptions, and moſt of the particular thoughts, are

his own; but notwithſtanding he would not ſuffer the poem to be publiſhed without paying a proper acknowledgment to Chaucer for having furniſhed him with the firſt notion.

Mr. Pope deemed all concealments of this nature, tho' very unfair, very common. Thoſe who may be curiouſly inclined to compare this poem with Chaucer, may begin with the latter's *Third Book of Fame*, there being nothing that anſwers the title in his two firſt.

An outrageous rabble rout of ſcribblers, with their veteran chief Dennis at their head, roſe up to oppoſe, cry down, and deſtroy Mr. Pope's *Temple of Fame*; but all the vain efforts they made againſt it, recoiled upon themſelves.

Sir Richard Steele was a warm ſtickler for Mr. Pope's *Temple of Fame*, which he had approved of before its appearance in publick; as appears by a letter from the former to the latter, bearing date Nov. 12, 1712.

" I have read over your *Temple of*
" *Fame* twice, and cannot find any thing
" amiſs of weight enough to call a fault,
" but ſee in it a thouſand beauties. Mr.
" Addiſon ſhall ſee it to-morrow. After
" his

" his perusal of it, I will let you know " his thoughts, &c."

The poem accordingly met as good treatment from Mr. Addison, whose friendship Mr. Pope had, as he imagined, been some time in possession of; for nothing as yet appeared to make him alter that opinion.

Mr. Pope was by this time got so far into favour and reputation with the town, that he needed no other recommendation than his own merit; and he began, as he was justly entitled, to assume the name of critick, and to give rules to others in his *Essay on Criticism*, which abounds with wit, beautiful turns, variety of metaphors, and masterly observations on poetry and criticism. It is the best work of the kind that has appeared among the antients or moderns.

His deceased friend Mr. Walsh, whom he makes such respectful mention of towards the latter end of this essay, was of Abberley in Worcestershire, gentleman of the horse in Queen Anne's reign, author of several beautiful pieces in prose and verse; and was, in the opinion of Mr. Dryden (see his *Postscript to Virgil*) the best critic of our nation in his time. He died in the year 1708, aged forty-nine years.

The ſuperior ſenſe and numberleſs poetic beauties of this moſt excellent eſſay could not preſerve it from the obloquy of wrangling Dennis, who, with others of a like ulcerated underſtanding, pleid all the ſeverity of cenſure they could againſt it.

Tho' to Mr. Dennis's infamy be it ſaid, that he was the chief of thoſe vile oppoſers to ſuch tranſcendent merit; it muſt, however, be own'd, that he was often a very good critick, always an ill-natured one; and ſometimes (as againſt Mr. Pope) thro' envy and private pique, a very malicious and falſe one.

This curious anecdote of him is not unworthy of a place in the *Hiſtory of Mr. Pope*. Mr. Dennis ſtepping one day into Mr. Bernard Lintot's ſhop, found lying on his counter the *Eſſay on Criticiſm* newly publiſhed.

He was obſerved to read it with much frowning, till he came to theſe two lines:

Some have at firſt for wits, then poets, paſt,
Turn'd Criticks next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.

At which he threw down the book in a great paſſion, ſaying, "That means me, by G—d." It is really entertaining to read his

his angry reflections on our author's *Eſſay on Criticiſm.*

" His precepts are falſe or trivial, or " both; his thoughts are crude and abor- " tive, his expreſſions abſurd, his num- " bers harſh and unmuſical, without ca- " dence or variety, his rhimes trivial and " common. Inſtead of majeſty, we have " ſomething that is very boyiſh; and in- " ſtead of perſpicuity and lucid order, we " have but too often obſcurity and con- " fuſion."

So much for abuſing the ſenſe: now read his railing againſt the verſification.— " What rare numbers are here? Would " not one ſwear this youngſter had eſpous'd " ſome antiquated muſe, who ſued out a " divorce from ſome ſuperannuated ſin- " ner, upon account of impotence; and " who, being pox'd by her former ſpouſe, " has got the gout in her decrepit age, " which makes her hobble ſo *damnably.*"

Not thinking it ſufficient to abuſe the work, he falls upon the man, in moſt Billingſgate terms, and advances things which, if true, he had no opportunity of knowing. " A little affected hypocrite, who has no- " thing in his mouth but candour, truth,

" good-nature, friendſhip, humanity, affa-
" bility, and magnanimity."

" He is ſo great a lover of falſehood,
" that whenever he has a mind to calum-
" niate his cotemporaries, he upbraids
" them with ſome defect; which is juſt
" contrary to ſome good quality, for
" which all their friends and acquaint-
" ance commend them. He ſeems to
" have a particular pique to people of
" quality, and authors of that rank. He
" muſt derive his religion from Saint
" Omer's."

The old ſnarler, conſcious of his having gone too far, thus lamely apologiſes for his illiberal treatment of Mr. Pope: " I can " ſafely affirm, that I never attacked any " of his writings, unleſs they had ſucceſs " infinitely beyond their merit." So, according to his own ſhameful confeſſion, it was their ſucceſs that galled him, they appearing through his jaundiced eye quite unworthy thereof.

From this ſeries of abuſive treatment from critic Dennis to Mr. Pope the poet, no reader can think that the latter, in his *Dunciad*, hath too ſeverely handled the former. It is very certain that envy and hatred of ſuperior merit blinded Dennis ſo far,

far, that he always judg'd wrong; at leaſt, in regard to Mr. Pope he always publiſhed erroneous judgments.

Dennis ſtrove to cry down his knowledge of numbers, and compoſition of verſe. But the fine rules relative thereto given by Mr. Pope, ſhew how great a maſter he was of that art, and how able to teach Dennis, were he capable of learning.

It will be more methodical, before we ſpeak of the *Tranſlation of Homer* and the *Dunciad*, to take notice of ſome other of our author's poems: to wit,

To Mr. Jervas, with Mr. Freſnoy's art of Painting.

On a Fan of the Author's Deſign, in which the Story of Cephalus and Procris was painted, having *Aura veni* for motto.

On Silence, in imitation of that ingenious nobleman and eminent poet, the Earl of Rocheſter.

Verſes occaſioned by ſome of his grace the duke of Buckingham's.

Mr. Pope wrote a moſt excellent letter in verſe from Eloiſa to Abelard. It is chiefly taken from the original letters between theſe two extraordinary perſons, diſtinguiſhed above all their cotemporaries

for their genius, learning, and unhappy paſſion.

They are made mention of by Bayle in his *Hiſtorical Dictionary*. They flouriſh'd in the twelfth century, and were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of that age for learning and beauty; but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate love.

After a long courſe of calamities they retir'd each to a ſeparate convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend (which contain'd the hiſtory of his misfortunes) fell into the hands of Eloiſa.

This awakening all her tenderneſs, occaſioned thoſe celebrated letters which give ſo lively a deſcription of grace and nature, virtue and paſſion. There is a ſpirit of tenderneſs, and a delicacy of ſentiment, runs all through the letters. But the prodigious conflict, the war within, the difficulty of making love, yield to religious vows; and an impoſſibility of forgetting a firſt real paſſion ſhine above all the reſt.

Abelard had been Eloiſa's tutor in philoſophy and divinity; but each being overcome by a paſſion for the other, their chief

chief ſtudy was turned at laſt to give and receive mutual delight; which being diſcover'd, brought on a tragick ſcene: for her relations, tho' juſtly incens'd at Abelard's violation of hoſpitality, and breach of truſt, yet puſh'd their revenge to an act of barbarity, by maiming the lover in a part, which to him was worſe than death.

Abelard's being rendered impotent by the cruelty of Eloiſa's friends, did not in the leaſt abate the warmth of her paſſion for him, but ſeemed rather to enhance it, from a ſpirit of reſentment for his barbarous uſage on her account.

They were both interred in the ſame grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the monaſtery of Paraclete, founded by Abelard. He died in 1142, ſhe in 1163.

So much in regard to their hiſtory; but to return to the merit of Mr. Pope. It may be aſſerted, that it is not in the power of our language to go beyond this poem in tenderneſs and harmony. The only production of even our author, that can be put in competition with it, is the piece ſo juſtly admir'd for its beauties call'd *Verſes to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady.*

The young lady celebrated in this affecting piece, appears to have been a great

favourite of Mr. Pope's, who has paid his tribute to friendſhip, by inſuring immortality to her unhappy cataſtrophe. Whether he himſelf was the belov'd perſon ſhe was ſeparated from, or not, cannot be well aſcertained; from his verſes the ſtrong hold ſhe had of his affection is manifeſt.

This unfortunate fair one was a young lady of quality, had a very conſiderable fortune; and, as we learn here from Mr. Pope, was eminent for her beauty.

Her parents dying while ſhe was young, ſhe was left under the guardianſhip of an uncle. She was brought up ſuitable to her birth, title, and fortune, and was eſteemed a match for any nobleman in the kingdom.

She had when very young contracted an acquaintance, and ſome degree of intimacy, with a young gentleman (who has never been more than gueſſed at by the curious, which uncertainty turned the ſuſpicion on Mr. Pope) and having conceiv'd a fondneſs for him, ſhe would not liſten to a very advantageous match propoſed by her uncle.

The incenſed guardian ſet ſpies upon her, by whoſe means he ſoon diſcovered her carrying on a correſpondence with a

lover

lover of a rank in life inferior to hers; which, when tax'd with, ſhe did not deny.

The guardian uncle, on finding her deaf to all his advice to her to ſtifle ſo ill-plac'd a paſſion, ſoon contrived the means of ſending her abroad, where ſhe was moſt politely received, and with all the reſpect due to one of her condition.

She was indeed ſecluded induſtriouſly from ſeeing or converſing with any body but the creatures of this ſevere guardian; ſo that no epiſtle from her lover could ever reach her hand, ſhe being ſo cloſely watch'd by the uncle's treacherous mercenaries; who, when they had promiſed the lover to deliver his letters to the lady, ſent them all to England to her uncle; who, in conſequence, gave orders for her being more ſtrictly guarded, that ſhe might not receive any intelligence from that quarter.

Deſpairing to hear from the youth ſhe loved, and impatient of her confinement, ſhe yielded herſelf up a prey to the moſt conſummate grief. She uſed to weep and ſigh continually; but not to linger any time in ſo racking a ſituation, ſhe reſolved, as Mr. Pope terms it, to act the Roman part, by putting an end to her life,

life, which ſhe did by bribing a woman-ſervant to procure her a ſword, not letting her know what uſe ſhe intended to make of it.

Soon after ſhe had got the ſword, ſhe was found dead upon the floor, but warm. The ſeverity of the laws of the place, where ſhe had committed this ſuicide, denying her Chriſtian burial, ſhe was interr'd without any ſolemnity, or any attendants to wait on her corpſe to the grave.

A few indeed of the neighbouring people, ſtruck with compaſſion for her unhappy fate, ſaw her buried in the common ground, and ſtrew'd with flowers the grave they made for her.

Mr. Pope's next work was an alteration of the *Merchant's Tale* from Chaucer, and the *Wife of Bath's Prologue*; both which tend a little to obſcenity, or, to uſe the ſofteſt terms, ſtrongly abound with worm *double entendre*. But the fault being originally Chaucer's, it is not to be ſolely imputed to his imitator.

From Ovid's *Epiſtles* Mr. Pope tranſlated *Sapho to Phaon*; from his *Metamorphoſis*, *Vertumnus* and *Pomona*, with the *Fable of Dryope*. The beauties of the Latin original

original are rather heightened than diminiſhed in the Engliſh tranſlation.

His *Prologue to Cato*, the beſt, the nobleſt in our language, has had as many admirers as readers. The *Epilogue to Jane Shore*, deſigned for Mrs. Oldfield, but never ſpoken, has its beauties, and ranks among the foremoſt in that kind of writing.

The *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* is a maſterly performance, and Mr. Pope deſerves the more applauſe on account of the peril he expoſed his reputation to in this attempt, Mr. Dryden having gained ſuch univerſal, and indeed merited fame, for his *Alexander's Feaſt*, that the Efforts of all other poets on that ſubject were ſcoffed at, nay, condemned before publication.

Notwithſtanding ſo critical a dilemma, Mr. Pope publiſhed his, which is allowed to be the only one that can be put in any competition with Mr. Dryden's. His other attempts in lyric poetry are two *Choruſes* for the *Tragedy of Brutus*, by his Grace Sheffield, duke of Buckingham.

Implacable Dennis never ceaſed railing at and writing againſt all Mr. Pope's works, as ſoon as they appeared in the world, and were known to be his. But

Mr.

Mr. Pope would never reply, and took this method of being revenged on his four antagoniſt.

When Mr. Dennis publiſhed his *Letters moral and critical*, by ſubſcription, at one guinea a ſet, Mr. Pope became a ſubſcriber for two ſets, ordering them to be left at Mr. Congreve's, with whom he had left the money for payment, and after wrote the following letter to Mr. Dennis.

" Sir,

" I called to receive the two books of " your *Letters* from Mr. Congreve, and " have left with him the little money I " am in your debt. I look upon myſelf " to be much more ſo, for the omiſſion " you have been pleaſed to make in theſe " letters in my favour; and ſincerely join " with you in the deſire, that not the leaſt " trace may remain of that difference, " which I am indeed ſorry for.—You " may therefore believe me, without ce- " remony or falſeneſs, Sir,

" Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

" A. POPE."

Had this letter of Mr. Pope (who has been often charged with a little double dealing) been as ſincere, as the conduct of Mr.

Mr. Dennis on that occaſion ſeems to have been, the diſpute was at an end. But Dennis was the dupe of his credulity, and a loſer in point of profit. For having omitted any of the correſpondence between himſelf and Pope, diminiſhed not only the ſize, but conſequently the price of his book, and the ſale moreover: for he thereby baulked the reader's appetite, eager for ſcandal againſt Pope. To ſee him thoroughly mauled in theſe letters was the chief recommendation they could have to the public. The other's reputation then being in ſo eminent a degree, it was become a general object of envy to all inferior merit; and alarmed ſome writers of the firſt claſs.

But in Mr. Pope, who was not abſolutely of the moſt forgiving temper (contrary to his own requeſt in the above letter) ſome trace of this difference did always remain, until, nay, and after the death of poor wrangling Dennis, who expired in the year 1733, and was interred at St. Martin's in the Fields.

Mr. Pope's reputation was eſtabliſhed on ſo firm a baſis as to be affected neither by the overt acts of the Grubean ſowers of poetic ſedition, nor by the envious inſinuations of ſome authors of eminence.

His

His compoſitions were in the hands of every body of all ſexes, of all ages, and tranſlated into all the polite languages of Europe.

This was an early harveſt of fame, and ſufficient to content the deſires of our poet. All the attacks of his adverſaries ſerved but to heighten it, and to reflect infamy on themſelves for having undertaken ſo odious a taſk as that of depreſſing the riſing merit of a true genius.

Mr. Pope finding that, altho' the ſeveral excellent productions already mentioned had procured to him fame in abundance, the profits ariſing from them were not conſiderable; took the prudent reſolution of checking his youthful fancy, in order to undertake a work of length and labour, whereby he might have an opportunity of ſhewing his learning, improving his fortune, and adding ſtill to his already eſtabliſhed reputation.

He was not only encouraged but ſollicited by ſeveral of the nobility to proſecute the ſaid reſolution, which was to tranſlate the *Iliad of Homer* into Engliſh verſe; by which he got all he wanted, money and fame.

The

The unhappy tempered Dennis, who could get but little of either, was ſtill more and more exaſperated at the daily growing fame and fortune of happy Pope (whom he had ſome reaſon to think was not ſo ſincerely his friend as by the above letter he affected to inſinuate) uſed to publiſh frequently his ill humour upon paper, which, inſtead of hurting Mr. Pope or his works, ſtill rendered himſelf more ridiculous for his matter and manner; a couple of ſpecimens whereof we think not amiſs to entertain our readers with.

1ſt. *From his Remarks on Homer.*

" I regard him (Pope) as an enemy " not ſo much to me, as to my king, to " my country, to my religion, and to that " liberty which has been the ſole felicity " of my life."

" A vagary of fortune who is ſome- " times pleaſed to be frolickſome; and the " epidemic madneſs of the times have " given him reputation; and reputation " (as Hobbs ſays) is power, and that has " made him dangerous."

" Therefore I look on it as my duty " to king GEORGE, whoſe faithful ſub- " ject I am; to my country, of which I

" have

" have appeared a conſtant lover; to the
" laws under whoſe protection I have ſo
" long lived; and to the liberty of my
" country, more dear than life to me, of
" which I have now for forty years been
" a conſtant aſſertor, &c.—I look upon
" it as my duty, I ſay, to do—you ſhall
" ſee what—to pull the lion's ſkin from
" this little aſs, which popular error has
" thrown round him; and to ſhew that
" this author, who has been lately ſo
" much in vogue, has neither ſenſe in his
" thoughts, nor Engliſh in his expreſſions."

2d. *From his Remarks on the Eſſay on Criticiſm.*

"—A young ſhort gentleman, whoſe
" outward form, though it ſhould be that
" of a downright monkey, would not
" differ ſo much from human ſhape, as
" his unthinking unmaterial part does
" from human underſtanding.——He is
" as ſtupid and venomous as a hunch-
" backed toad.

"—A book, thro' which folly and igno-
" rance, thoſe brethren ſo lame and im-
" potent, do ridiculouſly look very big,
" and very dull, and ſtrut and hobble

" cheek

" cheek by jowl, with their arms on kim-
" bo; being led and ſupported and
" bully-backed by that blind hector im-
" pudence."

Poor Dennis muſt have certainly been mad when he publiſhed ſuch incoherent ravings, which one cannot read without laughing heartily, and at the expence of their over-angry author.

It having been reported of Mrs. Centlivre, that ſhe had wrote a ballad againſt Mr. Pope's Tranſlation of Homer before he had begun it; he returned her a compliment in his *Dunciad* for that kindneſs.

That whiffling critic Mr. Lewis Theobald, after having given a good character of the tranſlation in a paper then publiſhed, called the Cenſor, extolling it to the ſtars, in a very pitiful manner recanted in his *Eſſay on the art of ſinking in reputation*, and that moſt dully and unintelligibly; for inſtance:

" In order to ſink in reputation, let
" him take it into his head to deſcend
" into Homer (let the world wonder as
" it will how he got there) and pretend
" to do him into Engliſh, ſo his verſion
" denotes his neglect for the manner
" how."

Mr.

" have appeared a conſtant lover; to the
" laws under whoſe protection I have ſo
" long lived; and to the liberty of my
" country, more dear than life to me, of
" which I have now for forty years been
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" it will how he got there) and pretend
" to do him into Engliſh, ſo his verſion
" denotes his neglect for the manner
" how."

Mr.

Mr. Pope's enemies were very careful to insinuate upon all occasions, that Mr. Broome was the real translator as to the sense of Homer, and he but the bare English versifier.

That Mr. Pope had a very high opinion of Mr. Broome's abilities is sufficiently proved by his joining with him to translate the *Odyssey*, in which laborious task Mr. Broome, who had engaged without any previous agreement, acquitted his part so well, and so entirely to the satisfaction of Mr. Pope, that he presented him with the sum of five hundred pounds, and as many copies of the work as he could get off, which amounted to the sum of one hundred pounds more; but he had not the least concern in the translation of the *Iliad*.

The adversaries Mr. Pope had hitherto he despised, for by their opposition to him they had rendered themselves very ridiculous, to wit, inveterate Dennis, Gildon, Welsted, Theobald, *&c.* but he was not a little amazed, tho' not dismayed, on receiving undoubted advice of the great Mr. Addison not being so sincerely his friend, as he had imagined; for such is human weakness, he was grown very jealous of Pope's great success in poetry.

Nay,

Nay, ſo impatient did he become of Pope's univerſal fame, that letting himſelf be borne away by a ſpirit of envy, he once fell off from all his former good treatment, eſteem and love of our author; nay, ſeized on all the opportunities he could, with decency, to decry the tranſlation of the *Iliad*, of whoſe excellence he had given ſo flaming an account in his *Spectator*, Numb. 158. The diſagreeable remembrance thereof made him to be very circumſpect in his attacks upon it.

Mr. Addiſon, in order to overthrow Mr. Pope's poetic fame, went ſlily to work. A tranſlation of the firſt book of the *Iliad* was publiſhed under the name of Mr. Tickel, a verſifier of middling merit, and a devoted humble ſervant of Mr. Addiſon. The latter in all companies, againſt the general opinion of the publick, declared that Tickel's tranſlation was better than Pope's; but the cream of the jeſt is, Addiſon was the tranſlator, and ſo Sir Richard Steele inſinuates in his preface to an edition of the *Drummer*, a comedy written by Mr. Addiſon.

When this ſecret machination (quite unworthy of ſo great a man as Addiſon) was come to the knowledge of the public, they

they laughed at his weakneſs, treated h
envy with ſcorn, but forgave him his pu
tiality to himſelf.

The conduct of Mr. Addiſon was b
come ſo aſſuming and tyrannical, that
at laſt extorted from Pope that maſte
picture he has given of him under the ch
racter of *Atticus*.

Forgetful of Mr. Addiſon's unfa
proceedings towards Mr. Pope, as ſoon
the character of *Atticus* appeared in prin
among other daily accuſations, the follow
ing was printed againſt him in *Miſt's Jou
nal*, wherein is impudently aſſerted, th
" Mr. Addiſon raiſed this author fro
" obſcurity, obtained him the acquaintan
" and friendſhip of the whole body
" our nobility, and transferred his powe
" ful intereſts with thoſe great men to th
" riſing bard, who frequently levied b
" that means unuſual contributions on th
" public—No ſooner was his bod
" lifeleſs, but this author raiſing his re
" ſentment, libelled the memory of his de
" parted friend, and what was ſtill mor
" heinous, made the ſcandal public."

It is no wonder that ſo falſe an accuſa
tion never had an avowed author, wh
was often called upon by the voice of th
publ

blic to make good his charge, as alſo prove if any then living nobleman could named, or any one gentleman, whoſe ſcription to our author had been pro-red by Mr. Addiſon; but none ſuch peared.

Nay, Mr. Pope was ſo far innocent any mean malice in this affair, that ſe-ral years before Mr. Addiſon's death, any perſons of integrity had ſeen and pproved of the ſaid verſes, which they alled but a friendly rebuke, and did not ook upon them at all in the light of a libel.

So far was Mr. Pope from concealing s juſtly grounded pique even from Mr. ddiſon himſelf, that he ingenuouſly ſent em to him in his own hand-writing. Its reptitiouſly creeping into the world was e work of that pilferer of his cotempo-ry authors, the bookſeller Curl, who, the year 1727, publiſhed this among his iſcellanies in duodecimo.

Mr. Pope ſtands very juſtifiable for an terview which he had with Mr. Addi-on, at the inſtance of Sir Richard Steele, which both he and Mr. Gay were pre-ent.

It was likewiſe partly thro' Mr. Jervas at this conference was brought about, for he

he informed Mr. Pope that he had la
ſome converſation with Mr. Addiſon t
pleaſed him very much. The purp
whereof was that he would make uſe
only of his intereſt, but of his art to
Mr. Pope ſervice. He ſaid, he did
mean his *Art of Poetry*, but his *Art*
Court, and ſolemnly declared that notwi
ſtanding the many inſinuations which h
been induſtriouſly ſpread abroad, that
for the future the beſt intelligence and u
derſtanding ſhould not ſubſiſt betwe
them, the fault would not be on his ſide.

He owned, it was true he had be
afraid that doctor Swift might, during t
animoſity, have carried Mr. Pope too f
among the enemy, but that now all w
ſafe, and that Mr. Pope was happily e
caped in his opinion.

Mr. Pope then made the following r
ply to Mr. Jervas for this informatio

" Sir, the very friendly office you e
" deavour to do between Mr. Addiſo
" and me, does on my part mer
" acknowledgment. You are not
" ſtranger to my ſincere regard for h
" character, and my readineſs to giv
" proofs thereof, by all methods in m
" power. Nor are you a ſtranger, Sir
" t

" to the contemptible meanneſs of Mr. Philips, to make Addiſon harbour groundleſs ſuſpicions of my ſentiments in regard to him.

" But Sir, as Mr. Addiſon, after all, muſt be judge in whatever relates to himſelf, and hath appeared, I muſt ſay it, not an impartial one to me; ſo I declare to you, I expect nothing now but civility from him, however deſirable his friendſhip may be to me.

" But as to his kind and ſerviceable offers to me, as far as his power extends, I declare myſelf unwilling to receive any from a man who has no better opinion of my morals than to think me a party-man, or of my temper, than to think me capable of being not only hurt by another's reputation as a poet, but of baſely attempting to depreciate and run it down. As for Mr. Addiſon, he is at all times ſure of my reſpect, and of my ſincere friendſhip, when he ſhall pleaſe to know me in the light I would chooſe to be known."

However, ſome years after this converſation, the parties having met, by the deſire of Sir Richard Steele; at firſt, nothing but a cold civility appeared on either

ſide; for at the beginning of all his evening converſations Mr. Addiſon had a natural gloom and reſerve, which was ſoon diſpelled by wine, and then he waxed warm with the reſt of the company.

Then Sir Richard Steele propoſed that the breach between Meſſrs. Addiſon and Pope ſhould be made up, to which the latter did not ſeem averſe, deſiring at the ſame time to know how it could have come to paſs that he ſhould have been looked upon as the aggreſſor, declaring, that if the tranſlation of Homer was his crime, he was put thereon by the entreaties, nay, almoſt command, of Sir Richard Steele.

Mr. Pope requeſted at the ſame time, that Mr. Addiſon ſhould ſpeak ingenuouſly, and above-board, whatever charge he might have to lay againſt him; that he was ready to ſtand all the ſeverity of it, becauſe (as he obſerved) they ſhould never come to the truth and radical cauſe of the diſagreement, if ceremonies were to prevail.

This declaration of Mr. Pope's was uttered in ſuch a confident manner, as to imply his believing Mr. Addiſon to be the aggreſſor, and that in conſequence he

e expected ſo far a condeſcenſion from im, as to allow himſelf to have been the auſe of the breach they were then met to ut an end to.

Contrary to Mr. Pope's expectation, Mr. Addiſon, without appearing to be oved in the leaſt, although ſtung to the uick, declared in a formal ſpeech, That he had always wiſhed Mr. Pope well, and had let ſlip no occaſion of giving marks how friendly his diſpoſitions were towards him, and that his advice to him then as a friend, was (as far as his nature would permit) to diveſt himſelf of that inordinate vanity, ſo far exceeding any merit he could lay a claim to."

Mr. Addiſon made this not overgreeable obſervation to him, that he had ot as yet reached that ſummit of excelence, which he over-weeningly, and his igotted admirers, fancied he had, and hat he ought to remember what an alteraion many of his verſes had acquired by he correction of Sir Richard Steele, and himſelf (Addiſon.) He particularly reminded him of one line in the *Meſſiah*, which, as originally written by Mr. Pope, an thus:

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes

The image is taken from the prophet Iſaiah, who ſays, "The Lord God will "wipe away tears from off all faces."

Sir Richard's correction is certainly much for the better, and is adhered to in all the late editions of our poet's works, viz.

From ev'ry face, he wipes off ev'ry tear.

Mr. Addiſon, to vent his ſpleen againſt Mr. Pope, by the means of a maſked battery, entered into a minute detail and tedious enumeration of all the errors and inaccuracies with which he had been reproached, by ſome good writers, and by the outragious fry of ſcribblers; then cloſed the catalogue by ſpecifying his own particular objections, which Mr. Pope had found his account in.

In regard to the tranſlation of Homer, he ſaid, he did not think him at all blameable to get ſo large a ſum of money by it, though it was ſo badly executed, and not at all to be put in competition with Tickell's, which breathed the very ſpirit of Homer. How deſpicable is this declaration of Addiſon for his own work, not Tickell's having borrowed his name to prefix to it.

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The very envious Mr. Addiſon concluded his long harangue in a low hollow voice of a feigned temper, declaring that for his own part, he was no longer ſolicitous about poetical reputation, his thoughts being quite weaned from Parnaſſus to the reſearch of truth, and that moreover his time was for the moſt part taken up by his public employment, and that nothing but a friendſhip for Mr. Pope could have prevailed on him to have ſaid ſo much, who, in his ſenſe, if he could humble himſelf, would riſe more in the eſteem of the public.

Mr. Pope remaining ſilent for ſome time, Mr. Gay made a ſhort reply, not leaning very hard upon Mr. Addiſon, as his then expectations of ſome favours from the court made him ſpeak very cautiouſly, knowing Mr. Addiſon's credit there to be ſtrong.

But Mr. Pope, who neither hoped nor feared any thing from that quarter, declared in a ſpirited manner to Mr. Addiſon, that he not only appealed from his judgment, but that he eſteemed him incapable of making any uſeful corrections in his poem; and beſides, that he had too long a knowledge of his underhand and

perfidious dealing, to expect any ſincerity from him.

He then tartly upbraided him with having been a penſioner from his youth, and the proſtituting his knowledge purchaſed with the public money, to a ridiculous luſt of power, which he was not fitted for by nature. He remarked how baſe it was in a perſon who had been ſo generouſly patronized, and ſent abroad to cultivate his mind, that on his return he might form our taſte, and promote literature, ſhould be the firſt to depreciate, and work by indirect means againſt any riſing genius.

The diſpute at laſt became ſo warm, that they ſeparated in more dudgeon towards each other than they had at their meeting; and in conſequence thereof Mr. Pope wrote ſoon after thoſe verſes in which Mr. Addiſon was judged by all who knew him to be juſtly characterized.

For a long time they had been only handed about from one to the other by Mr. Pope's friends, and did not appear in print till a place was aſſigned to them in the letter to Dr. Arbuthnot.

The many great friends his merit daily acquired to Mr. Pope, more than atoned

atoned for the loſs of Mr. Addiſon, whoſe head it appear'd was more eſtimable than his heart. Among his noble friends, none ſhone more conſpicuouſly than the duke of Buckingham, who took the trouble to methodiſe his own thoughts on the diſpute then ſubſiſting in France between Madam Dacier, and Monſieur de la Motte Houdart, about the tranſlating of *Homer* into French; all which he ſent to Mr. Pope in a letter, in hopes that they might be of ſome ſervice to him in his propoſed Engliſh tranſlation.

His grace not thinking this letter enough, gave ſuch encouragement to our poet, that if he had no other friend amongſt the nobility, he muſt have ſucceeded in that undertaking. The duke (a good judge and writer of verſe himſelf) was ſo ſmitten with the performances of Mr. Pope, for their ſpirited ſenſe and harmonious elegance, that he honoured him with a complimentary recommendation in verſe, which is prefixed to his Miſcellanies.

Mr. Pope received compliments ſufficient to give him juſt grounds for the good opinion he was accuſed to entertain of himſelf. The praiſes of ſome were puſhed to a degree of extravagance, preferring

him to *Homer*, and asserting that posterity would look on his English as the original and on *Homer*'s Greek as a translation.

However, to mortify his pride, there were many adversaries to his work, among which number was the celebrated Mr. Addison, whose turning against him was an object of real concern to Mr. Pope, because at one time he thought he might rest for ever secure on his friendship, till alarmed by his whiffling treatment of others.

Mr. Addison's cause of falling off, was the great reputation Mr. Pope had got by the translation of *Homer*, as appears by his *Freeholder*, Numb. 40. " When I con-
" sider myself as a British *Freeholder*, I
" am in a particular manner pleased with
" the labours of those who have improv-
" ed our language with the translation
" of old Greek and Latin authors. We
" have already more of their historians
" in our tongue, and what is more for the
" honour of our language, it has been
" taught to express with elegance the
" greatest of their poets in each nation.
" The illiterate among our country-
" men may learn to judge from Dryden's
" *Virgil*, of the most perfect epic per-
" formance;

formance; and thoſe parts of Homer which have already been publiſhed by Mr. Pope, give us reaſon to think that the *Iliad* will appear in Engliſh with as little diſadvantage to that immortal poem."

From this quotation appears how great muſt have been Mr. Pope's diſappointment in Addiſon's commencing his foe, and from whom he had received ſome encouraging letters to ſet about the *Iliad*, as the only man capable; particulary one dated Oct. 26, 1713.

SIR,

I WAS extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more ſo upon reading the contents of it. The work * which you mention, will, I dare ſay, very efficiently recommend itſelf, when your name appears with the propoſals; and if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation on me, than by employing me in ſuch an office. I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I ſhall be very proud of ſhewing it by this or any other inſtance.

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* Tranſlation of the *Iliad*.

I queſtion nôt but that your tranſlation will enrich our tongue, and do honour to our country: for I conclude of it already, from thoſe performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you conſider, how it may moſt turn to your advantage.

Excuſe my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your eaſe and happineſs. The work muſt coſt you a great deal of time, and unleſs you undertake it, will I am afraid never be executed by any other; at leaſt I know none of this age that is equal to it beſides yourſelf.

I am at preſent wholly immerſed in country buſineſs, and begin to take delight in it. I wiſh I might hope to ſee you here ſome time, and will not deſpair of it, when you engage in a work that will require ſolitude and retirement.

I am yours, &c.

Is it not aſtoniſhing that Mr. Addiſon, after ſuch declarations, ſhould have acted in the manner he did to defeat Mr. Pope's tranſlation? Our reaſon for dwelling ſo long on this article is, its being ſo

ſo intereſting an anecdote between two ſuch great men; the one ſaid to be the ſmoother of our proſe, and the other the poliſher of our rhimes. They both are looked upon in foreign nations as two ſelect perſonages, miſſioned from above to introduce taſte and elegance amongſt the Britiſh nation.

The duke of Buckingham's active friendſhip and wholeſome advice to Mr. Pope, was more than a counter-balance to Mr. Addiſon's ſecret machinations, whoſe influence indeed was great.

Dennis, whoſe name ſtruck but little terror, was pickeering at the head of a party. But the abuſiveneſs and ſcurrility of his pen, rendered all his attacks fruitleſs, and defeated the force of ſome remarks he had made, which were juſtly grounded.

Had Dennis been political enough to join with Mr. Pope's party, he would have found more fame and profit, for the object of his rage not only laughed at him, but taught the public to do ſo.

Some antagoniſts leſs worthy of notice than ever Dennis was, frequently threw out ſome dirty invectives againſt Mr. Pope; for inſtance, that he was a papiſt, a jack o'both ſides. They accuſed him of inſatiable

ſiable avarice, as a vile perſon who would ſcrape money at any rate, without giving any valuable conſideration for it.

Mr. Pope defied their united malice, which could not blaſt his merit, ſheltered under the wide-ſpread and aged laurels of his friend and patron Sheffield duke of Buckingham, who roſe to greatneſs by the ſervice he had done his country. His reputation for wit and criticiſm was acquired by the ſtrength of his genius, ſtrong application to literature, and every method to improve fine natural parts. For poetry and politicks he was particularly eminent.

To ſome people it may appear ſtrange, and almoſt incredible, that there ſhould ever ariſe any difference between the duke of Buckingham and Mr. Pope; yet it was often the caſe—for his grace was of a ſceptic turn, and not one of thoſe who would die a martyr in defence of the chriſtian ſyſtem. He uſed to rally Pope ſometimes on the weak ſide of the Romiſh ſect, of which he was a member.

Pope's method of evading any controverſy on that head, was to tell the duke, that unleſs his grace were endowed with ſome degree of faith, it would be impoſſible

to convince him of the truth of the Roman Catholic religion; for that ſince the ceſſation of miracles, it depended not ſo much upon proofs, as upon faith and obedience to the church.

The ſubject was always treated by them both with great moderation; and the duke, very little anxious about making converts of any ſort, and finding arguments on that ſubject to be rather diſagreeable than otherwiſe to Mr. Pope, for whom he had conceived a fondneſs in the latter part of his life, would ſpeak but ſeldom, and then ſlightly on ſuch matters: and divert the diſcourſe to ſciences, literature, and taſte, which they uſed to treat of in a warm and maſterly manner.

Mr. Pope's works are ſufficient vouchers for his genius, taſte, and judgment. The duke of Buckingham is univerſally allowed to have been a nobleman of uncommon talents, and ſo declared a patron of the muſes, and of the learned, that he was ſtiled the Mecænas of the age.

His fondneſs for poets ſprang from his being a good one, and highly capable of reliſhing beauties in the performances of others, which he did with great candour and warmth. One of the beſt pieces in

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our language is his *Eſſay on Poetry*, and was eſteemed as ſuch by Mr. Addiſon. His other pieces in proſe and verſe have their reſpective merit.

Mr. Pope held the duke's judgment in ſuch high veneration, ſeparated from his quality (which he always threw aſide in his company) that he never publiſhed any thing for many years, till his grace had firſt pronounced that the author's reputation would run no riſk by its being publiſhed.

Mr. Pope lived in ſuch a perpetual dread of loſing that fame he had ſo juſtly acquired, that he uſed often to ſay, that he ought to write no more, leſt by an unſucceſsful piece he ſhould forfeit all. The duke continued his friendſhip to our author to his laſt moments, of which from time to time he gave him many ſignal proofs.

His grace expired in the month of February 1720, and left the following epitaph for his tomb, which may be looked on as an abſtract of his religion, and is a matter of too great curioſity not to tranſcribe it here for the entertainment of our readers:

Pro rege ſæpe, pro republicâ ſemper,
Dubius, ſed non improbus, vixi:
Incertus morior, non perturbatus,
Humanum eſt neſcire, et errare.
Deo confido, Chriſtum adveneror:
Ens entium miſerere mei.

For the ſake of ſuch of our readers as may not underſtand the *Latin* original, it has been thought neceſſary to tranſlate it for them into Engliſh.

I have often been for the king, always for my country:
I have led a free-thinking, not a wicked life.
I die uncertain, but not confounded.
Ignorance and error are the lot of humanity.
I truſt in God; almoſt worſhip Chriſt——
Being of Beings have pity on me.

There breathes in this inſcription the genuine ſpirit of deiſm, which we leave to be attacked by the clergy, and to be defended by thoſe who incline to a more extenſive benevolence than they ſeem to allow of.

In ſpeaking of thoſe with whom Mr. Pope has been moſt converſant, we have thought proper to be ſomewhat particular; as (according to the true though trite obſervation) from the company any perſons keep, a juſt judgment may be formed of them-

themſelves; becauſe we imperceptibly catch ſomething from thoſe with whom we live in familiarity.

Mr. Pope was ſo peculiarly happy in a great memory (which rarely accompanies ſuch a ſtrong underſtanding as he had) that by ſometimes converſing upon, he made his own, all the valuable improvements in knowledge and taſte, which his friends had acquired by ſtudy and travelling.

The famous doctor Atterbury, biſhop of Rocheſter, was another faſt friend to the tranſlator of the *Iliad*. Mr. Pope in return always retained a lively ſenſe of gratitude, and a moſt ſincere affection for him.

Doctor Atterbury, the biſhop of Rocheſter's hiſtory being univerſally known, we ſhall touch upon no more of it than what relates to Mr. Pope's life. Tho' a violent enemy to the government after the death of queen Anne, he was a ſtrenuous advocate for the orthodoxy of the church of England, and let ſlip no occaſion of proving himſelf ſo.

After a ſhort acquaintance with Mr. Pope, he broke his mind to him upon that ſubject. But there happening to be

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in company at the ſame time Mr. Pope's mother, Mrs. Blount, Mr. Cromwell, and a nobleman who had made his principles known to Pope; they having read together lord Shafteſbury's *Characteriſtics*, the *Religion of Nature delineated*, and ſeveral books in the cauſe of free enquiry, our author waved entering into any argument with the biſhop for that time; and taking him aſide, ſaid, that tho' he (Pope) was a weak advocate for his religion, yet he was ſure that its orthodoxy and ſtrength would furniſh him ſufficient power to hazard an argument with any heretic, with or without a mitre.

Such was the freedom ſubſiſting between them, that theſe words gave no offence. That evening was ſet aſide for the conference, and the diſputants were to imagine doctor Swift preſent.

Doctor Atterbury began to read out of archbiſhop Tillotſon's *Sermons*, ſome of which he commonly had as a pocket-companion. His reaſon for it was, that his own ſentiments were therein ſo energically expreſſed, and better than he poſſibly could *ex tempore*, or even with his greateſt ſtudy. And he thought the arguments there offered ſo evincing, as that

no man, endowed with ſuch ſtrong intellects as Mr. Pope was, could refuſe his aſſent to them, and deny ſubſcribing to the many abſurdities with which popery abounds.

After having heard the biſhop read Tillotſon's arguments and comment thereon for a long time, Mr. Pope replied, that the archbiſhop's cited diſcourſes (which was the title he gave them) were only reaſoning, and conſequently could be no ſtandard of belief; that the quotations were not quite appoſite to the point his antagoniſt wanted to prove, for that they might with equal propriety be urged by catholics to ſupport their arguments.

Mr. Pope aſſerted, moreover, that without caſting away faith (of which doctor Atterbury thought himſelf endowed with a ſufficient ſhare) no human arguments were forcible enough to defeat the excellent tenets believed by the church of Rome, and by her commanded to be implicitly believed by all her children.

He farther declared, that he ſaw no more difficulty for a faithful mind to believe the trinity, tranſubſtantiation, miraculous conception, and other myſteries above the power of human reaſon.

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He then entreated the doctor to take into his benevolent heart the whole of the chriſtian ſyſtem, and not niggardly content himſelf with believing but part, in diſobedience to the Scripture, the Roman Catholic church, and to the endangering of his eternal ſalvation.

Nay, ſo ſtrenuous a member of the Romiſh church was Mr. Pope, that he told Dr. Atterbury with a polite warmth, that if it were poſſible for any man to raiſe the dead in proof of any other religion than that profeſſed by the ſee of Rome, he would not change his belief.

He then turned to the biſhop of Rocheſter and ſaid, I would to God that you and I might be ſtripped and turned out naked in this cold night (the diſpute happened in the winter-ſeaſon) diveſted of all our property, and deprived of the means of ſubſiſting, provided your lordſhip could be brought to think as I do.

The biſhop looking on Pope as quite confirmed in his erroneous perſuaſion, related that conference to a friend of his, a dignified but not a mitred clergyman, and declared that he would never ſpeak to him more on the ſubject of religion. The biſhop's zeal for the proteſtant cauſe, in order

order to make ſo ſhining a proſelyte to it as Mr. Pope would prove, made him break his reſolution; for he not only ſpoke to him afterwards, but wrote to him ſeveral times upon that topic.

The laſt epiſtle written by the biſhop to Mr. Pope, wherein any thing relative to religion is mentioned, was a letter of comfort on the death of Mr. Pope's father. He therein adviſed a chriſtian reſignation to the will of heaven, and declared immoderate grief for any loſs in this world to be unchriſtian.

But the politely rebuking and cool reply to the biſhop, put a total end to any farther ſolicitations of it to him in regard to religion; beſides, Atterbury going over to the pretender's intereſt ſoon after debarred a frequency of intercourſe.

The æra of his exile was the month of June 1723. Mr. Pope was greatly affected by the ſeparation of ſo valuable an acquaintance; to whom, whenever he could have the pleaſure of his company, he thought the time well dedicated.

He ſorely lamented his baniſhment, declaring that he looked on himſelf as a more unfortunate wretch, for that he never had fixed his eſteem upon any perſons, but

but either they died like Mr. Craggs, or were baniſhed like Dr. Atterbury.

It is to be obſerved that notwithſtanding the ſtrong connection, and frequent epiſtolary correſpondence, between Mr. Pope and Dr. Atterbury, before the time of his confinement, during it, and after his exile, the name of the former was never called in queſtion, for he poſſeſſed the ſecret of being well with the two parties then in contention.

He was at the ſame period of time in high favour and eſteem with the lords Harcourt, Oxford, Boling broke, Mr. Prior, Dr. Swift, and others of the Tory party; and on the Whig ſide of the queſtion with Mr. Craggs, Mr. Addiſon, lord Halliſax, and moſt of the leading men of the Whig party.

In one of his letters to Mr. Addiſon he ſays, that he was only deſirous to get as much by the Whigs, as he had by the Tories, to wit, civility. A bigotted Jacobite told him one day, that he and the whole party were ſurprized at his writing any papers upon no matter how trivial ſubjects, in conjunction with ſuch a virulent Whig, as Steele.

Mr.

Mr. Pope could not refrain from laughing at ſo ridiculous a charge, declaring at the ſame time, that he hated narrowneſs of ſoul in any party; that if he renounced his reaſon in religious matters, he ſhould hardly do it any other; and that he could pray not only for oppoſite parties, but what was more, for oppoſite religions.

Mr. Pope was too much a politician to differ with the great, and whenever any diſſenſions broke out amonſt them, he obſerved a cool trimming neutrality, which may be proved from his having been conſtantly honoured with the protection of Oxford and Bolingbroke, in their violent oppoſition to each other at the latter end of queen Anne's reign.

It is now time to make ſome mention of another illuſtrious friend of Mr. Pope, to wit, Dr. Swift, who is juſtly looked upon as our Engliſh Rabelais. He was one of the admirers of Pope's poetical merit, and one of the warmeſt ſticklers for his tranſlation of the *Iliad*.

Swift was often heard to ſay, "Moſt "undertakers uſed to tranſlate the ancient "poets to death, but that Pope had "tranſlated Homer to immortal life; that

"there

" there was no fear of England's loſing
" ground in religion or poetry, ſince in
" her vulgar tongue ſhe had both the
" Scripture and Homer."

No other perſon could take the ſame freedom with Mr. Pope's faults of ſtile as he. Swift had naturally a commanding critical genius, that would lay open, tho' privately, not publickly, and without any malicious intent, the leaſt peccadillo in writing that could be objected to.

Mr. Pope is much indebted to the reſtleſs ſpirit of correction Swift was poſſeſſed of, for near four hundred meliorations in his tranſlation of the *Iliad*; ſome in the ſenſe, others in the notes, and not a few in the verſification; though in that article Pope in general was the leaſt exceptionable.

It muſt be owned that the great perfection in which the *Iliad* tranſlated into Engliſh appears, is due in part to the many able friends of Mr. Pope, who neither refuſed him their knowledge, advice, or correction. On its publication they thought themſelves intereſted to proclaim its merit. It was natural for them to be the volunteer-heralds of that tranſlation's merit they had ſome ſhare in bringing to perfection;

fection; and they were bound by the powerful ties of self-love to speak well of a work, in which many alterations had been made in deference to their opinion.

No man's absence was so much regretted by Mr. Pope as that of Dr. Swift's. This celebrated genius for wit and humour, superior to most of the moderns and all the antients, was born in Ireland and educated in the university of Dublin.

As soon as he had taken orders, he left Ireland, and soon after his arrival in England, was received into friendship by Sir William Temple. He was likewise received into the family of the then earl of Berkeley as chaplain, and attended his lordship at the time that he was one of the lords-justices of Ireland.

He had been at one time well with the lord Hallifax, but lord Oxford seduced him over to his side, and he became a thorough paced party-writer for him. The *Examiner*, and several other papers written with equal spirit and pleasantry, were his, and by which many proselytes were made.

The *Tale of a Tub*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Verses on his own death*, *Cadenus and Vanessa*, with several other beautiful compositions

tions, are living monuments of his prodigious great genius; of his wit ſo lively and extenſive; of his learning bold, not ſuperficial; averſe to all pedantry, a ſcourge of pedants, the foe of vanity and folly.

He was true to the party that raiſed him for hire, but wrote truth, and that he eſteemed for the good of the nation. Tho' he had no equal for talents in the church, the higheſt dignity he has been raiſed to was that of Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

In conſequence of a change in the miniſtry (his patrons being turned out) he renounced all thoughts of paying attendance at court. When ſolicited by the new miniſtry to write for them, he honeſtly declared, that he could not ſerve a party, in oppoſition to all the obligations he had to an oppoſite one.

On taking up his reſidence entirely in Ireland, from the ſaid miniſterial revolution, the perſonal converſation between him and Mr. Pope was interrupted; and that, by letters, was at beſt but a ſtarved ſupplement, in compariſon of the lively ſallies that uſed to be thrown out by them both, when together.

Mr. Pope thought he could not addreſs his *Dunciad* to ſo proper a patron as Dr. Swift, he being a moſt competent judge of true humour and ſatyr. This great genius and good-natured man never meddled in plots againſt the government, and expecting no farther preferment, made himſelf eaſy in that he had.

Tho' his circumſtances were not very opulent, yet he was of very great ſervice to the people of Ireland; and altho' many of his writings be ſuch as were only calculated for that kingdom, and the time they were wrote in, they yet prove entertaining to all Engliſh readers. The fame of his other works will laſt as long as our language: his proſe being the ſtandard of purity, ſtrength, and elegance.

If we were to enumerate the many admirers of the tranſlation of the *Iliad*, we ſhould fill a volume; for of that number were all who had a true genius and refin'd taſte, if not influenc'd by the poiſonous jaundice of envy, as Mr. Addiſon, and but a few more.

The famous dramatic poet Mr. Rowe was of the former number, a warm ſtickler for, and a faſt friend of Mr. Pope's. Whenever the latter ſent any of his verſes

to be reviſed by the former, Mr. Pope, on receiving them back, uſed to ſay he look-on them like gold try'd three times in the fire.

Mr. Rowe held Mr. Pope in the higheſt eſteem, and Mr. Pope reciprocally had a very great regard both for the perſon and writings of Mr. Rowe; they uſed often to paſs whole days together. Mr. Rowe had ſo natural a ſweetneſs and affability, that it was impoſſible not to be gained upon by the tone of his voice, ſo ſoft and winning, that his company was always ſorry when he ceaſed diſcourſing them. He was of an open communicative temper, and beloved by all ranks of men.

He was with Mr. Pope in the country in the beginning of the year 1716; and during his ſtay, which was not above a week, their converſation ran chiefly upon finding out an intereſting ſubject for a new tragedy. The death of king Charles the Firſt was ſpoken of, but that was thought rather too recent; beſides that ſome great perſonages of the preſent age might be affected by the characters of their predeceſſors engaged in the grand rebellion; and that the neceſſary bold ſpeeches for the republicans might give offence to the court.

In conſequence of theſe reflections the ſubject was dropt.

Mr. Pope was greatly affected by the death of Mr. Rowe, for he had been of very great ſervice to him, and was one of the moſt active heralds to his riſing fame. Juſt as Mr. Rowe was made eaſy in his circumſtances, having ſeveral good places, death ſwept away his virtues on the ſixth day of December, 1718, in the 45th year of his age. He was interr'd in Weſtminſter Abbey.

The before-mentioned great names are ſufficient to ſhew of what a ſuperior ſtamp were Mr. Pope's admirers to that of his antagoniſts, who were for the moſt part rhiming pretenders to poetry, and other unſucceſsful authors. By joining their ineffectual and irregular forces together, they were guilty of a little book, or rather pamphlet, called the *Popiad*, where they endeavoured to ſtrain into faults as many paſſages as their combined and united dulneſs could ſuggeſt to them.

Mr. Pope paid a juſt deference to ſome animadverſions upon his judgment of Homer and his poems, by the French tranſlatreſs, Madam Dacier. For our part, we ſhall wave entering into a diſquiſition about

about the Engliſh tranſlation of the *Iliad*, as well as of the *Odyſſey*; becauſe that from quotations of particular parts but a very inadequate judgment of the whole can be form'd. We therefore refer our readers to a peruſal of them.

With the greateſt philoſophic patience Mr. Pope bore for a long time the many groſs abuſes thrown out by his adverſaries, not only againſt his tranſlation of the *Iliad*, but againſt all his other works; they on all occaſions calling him an ape, an aſs, an illiterate fool, a preſumptuous monſter, an ignorant ſchool-boy, *&c.*

Their inſolence having at long run paſſed all bearing, he was reſolved to retaliate; but ſcorning to make any ſingle blockhead the mark of his reſentment, he determin'd to make a ridiculous groupe of the ſnarling fraternity, and give them, by his ſatire, what their own works never could, immortality.

The *Dunciad* was an interrupted work, which he wrote from time to time, and has made it the moſt complete piece of poetical caſtigation in our language. He had indeed ample matter, having a numerous body of dunces to take cognizance of. Some who did not abſolutely de-

ſerve that appellation, he has rapped over the knuckles.

This poem, as was obſerved above, is dedicated to the humourous and ſatyrical Dr. Swift, who called it Mr. Pope's maſter-piece. There we beg to differ in opinion with that great man, tho' at the ſame time we allow the *Dunciad* to be the moſt excellent piece in its kind that we have, or perhaps any other nation is poſſeſſed of.

Swift's preference may be accounted for from his own fondneſs for ſatire, at which he was a maſterly-hand, and from a perſonal reſentment to many of the ſcribblers therein expoſed. Altho' it be written in the ſpirit of Dryden's *Macfleckno*, it is more comprehenſive; the latter poem having but one object, whereas the *Dunciad* has many.

The ſcribblers, who are damn'd to immortality in the *Dunciad*, had been the firſt aggreſſors; for having found from a long and unprofitable experience, that they could get nothing by abuſing each other, no-body caring how much they proved themſelves dunces, and which the publick was already convinced of, they thought that the generality of the nation, from a ſpirit of curioſity, would be glad to ſee all

efforts

efforts made to prove Mr. Pope one. But being diſappointed in their ſanguine expectations of profit on that head, they became outrageous, and were not ſatisfy'd to groſsly abuſe Mr. Pope, but all his friends; and this inſolence provok'd him more to take condign puniſhment of them, than any thing they had ſaid or wrote againſt himſelf.

No leſs than ſixty-two different libels, books, papers, and copies of verſes, had been publiſhed againſt him, ſtuffed with the foulest abuſe, before he was determined to publiſh the *Dunciad*, a ſufficient provocation for the ſmart he has inflicted on them.

The principal heroes and heroines among his antagoniſts were meſſieurs Gildon, Dennis, G. Ducket, Thomas Burnet, Eſq; Mr. Preſton, Mrs. Centlivre, Griffin, the comic actor, Mrs. Elizabeth Haywood, Meſſ. Leonard Welſted, Thomas Coke, Bez Morris, Joſeph Gay, Oldmixon, Smedley in the *Daily Courant*, the *Britiſh Journal*, Meſſrs. Ralph, Theobald, Roome, Moore, Smith, Concanen, Thomas, Foxton, and, to cloſe the groupe, that worthy and honeſt bookſeller of odoriferous fame, Mr. Curl, with many others of the ſame magnitude of underſtanding.

The only diſquietude thoſe pſeudo-tricks and poetaſters ever cauſed to Mr. Pope, was by aſcribing to him either contemptible or vicious pieces, of which he was not the author; ſuch as the loweſt political pamphlets, the meaneſt ſtreet-ballads glancing at ſtate-affairs, or the church eſtabliſhed; ſatires on the nobility of both ſexes, banters upon good authors, and men of real wit.

Nay, their malice dived ſo low as to ſwear him the author of ſquabbles with bookſellers; the full and true accounts of monſters, poiſons, and murders, roared about the ſtreets. When they had no name, "O, ſaid they, the juggler chuſes to lie conceal'd."—When they had a name, they declared it was a fictitious one he had uſed, in order to divert the attention of the publick from himſelf. When any thing appear'd bearing any likeneſs to his own ſtile, then it was a clear caſe; when not, he had diſguis'd it on purpoſe.—Nay, they made him an abſurd compound of incompatibilities.

That the action of the *Dunciad* might be carried on with a poetical dignity, a hero was to be choſen ſuitable to the grand deſign. His conſtituent requiſites were to be

be a vile critic, a dull poet, and a ſhameleſs party-writer. This ideal conception of the poet's brain was to be realized by a well known character in life. The lot of preference firſt fell on Mr. Theobald, but Mr. Cibber has been ſince ſubſtituted. Of the latter's reſentment on this account we ſhall treat hereafter.

No reaſon is aſſign'd for Mr. Pope's having reflected ſo ſeverely on Mr. Euſden (who, it is aſſerted, never gave him any offence) unleſs a ſenſe of indignation at ſeeing the laurel beſtow'd on ſo unpoetical a wight, while there were ſo many men of true genius who would have been glad to accept of it.

On the death of Euſden, the late Colley Cibber, Eſq; ſucceeded to the place of laureat; who, notwithſtanding he has let ſome things call'd *Odes* eſcape from him, that are juſtly ſubjects of ridicule, was an excellent comic actor and author; witneſs the *Careleſs Huſband*. His character was that of a chearful and ſpirited companion. He bore no malice to any man, and often ſuffered through his good nature. He declared that he had never given Mr. Pope any offence, as we ſhall ſee in a tranſcript from his epiſtle to the latter, on making him the hero of

his *Dunciad*. Euſden's dulneſs every body thought entitled him to the higheſt honours of the *Dunciad*.

There are but few names to be found in this ſatire as dunces, but who were generally allowed to be ſo, and thoſe few had offended Mr. Pope. He took this opportunity of quitting ſcores with them. He likewiſe declares in his preface, that he had taken alſo note of ſome men infamous for their ſcurrility.

It muſt not, however, be aſſerted, that if any perſon wrote in oppoſition to Mr. Pope, that in conſequence he never failed to make him the ſubject of his ſatyr, either in the *Dunciad*, or on the very firſt opportunity. He never attack'd thoſe who only differ'd from him in opinion, of which a ſtrong inſtance can be given relative to his *Eſſay on Man*, (that is, the two firſt epiſtles) which had been treated very freely by a certain gentleman, long before Mr. Pope wrote his laſt *Dunciad*.

Nay, ſo far was he from writing againſt, to diminiſh the fame of that writer, that he declar'd it was neither then, nor ever ſhould be, his intention; for that, in his arguments to ſupport a contrary opinion, he had treated him (Mr. Pope) like a gentle-

gentleman, and was, no doubt, on the ſide of the queſtion which appeared the more reaſonable to him.

No-body could be more ſenſible than Mr. Pope was, of the impoſſibility of bringing over men's minds to the ſame ſtandard. What rim'd traſh had he not often the mortification to ſee preferr'd to his fineſt writings, thro' the obſtinate machinations of his enemies to cry down every thing that ſhould come from his pen.

The reaſon why Mr. Theobald figures ſo much in the *Dunciad* is, that he was ſuſpected to have been the author of an eſſay, entitled, *The Art of a Poet ſinking in Reputation*; or, *A Supplement to the Art of ſinking in Poetry*; wherein is maliciouſly inſinuated, that Mr. Pope made it his Practice to cackle to both parties agreeable to their own ſentiments, and was ſincere to neither.

But perhaps the chief cauſe of Mr. Pope's diſlike to him was, that they were both writing remarks on Shakeſpear, a work which might be of uſe to Mr. Theobald, but was quite beneath Mr. Pope's genius. It is to be wiſhed that the original text of Shakeſpear was left unalter'd, for every Engliſh reader to underſtand

ſtand. The numerous fry of commentators will at laſt explain his original meaning away in many places; and all to raiſe contributions on the public, being incapable to produce any thing of themſelves.

Mr. Edmund Curl juſtly deſerv'd a place in the *Dunciad*. Firſt, as a bookſeller, he carried on the trade to lengths unknown before him. He had ſeveral authors under his arbitrary diſpoſal, whom he cauſed to write on thoſe ſubjects he thought would ſell beſt. They could not call their very names their own but with his conſent. He has been taken notice of by the law, church and ſtate, and has from each received marks of diſtinction not over honourable.

Mr. Pope's further cauſe of anger to him was, that in the year 1727 he had the impudence to publiſh a collection of ſeveral private letters that had paſſed between Mr. Pope and Mr. Cromwell, and which were obtained in a ſiniſter manner by him.

Meſſieurs Pope and Cromwell, as well as many other gentlemen of parts and eminence were intimately acquainted with one Mrs. Thomas, to whom Mr. Dryden had written ſome letters, wherein he called her *Corinna*. But ſince that time having

no averſion to go by different names, ſhe was called *Sapho*.

Mr. Cromwell had the indiſcretion to lend the letters in queſtion to this lady of wit and pleaſure. She falling ſome years after into misfortunes, by living too much with thoſe above her ability to keep company with, ſold them to Mr. Curl, without aſking the conſent either of Mr. Pope, or Mr. Cromwell; for which omiſſion ſhe apologized in a letter to Mr. Cromwell, dated June 27, 1727.

This treatment being extremely diſagreeable to Mr. Pope, he was adviſed to recall all letters which might be preſerved by any of his friends; particularly thoſe written to perſons deceaſed, which would be the moſt liable to ſuch accidents. Many were returned to him, which partly removed his diſquietude on that head. Several of his friends adviſed him to print a collection himſelf to prevent a worſe, he could by no arguments be perſuaded to it.

But, however, as ſome of the letters ſerved to revive ſeveral paſt ſcenes of friendſhip, and others to clear the truth of facts, in which he had been baſely miſrepreſented by the herd of ſcribblers, he was under

under a neceſſity of preſerving ſeveral of his own letters, as well as of his friends.

Theſe letters ſo preſerved he had inſerted in two books, ſome originals, others copies, with here and there the addition of a few notes and extracts. He had alſo ſome ſmall pieces in proſe and verſe, copied in the ſame book, ſome of which had been written by himſelf, others by his correſpondents, which, though not quite finiſhed enough for the critical eye of the publick, were ſuch as muſt pleaſe any benevolent reader.

An amanuenſis or two were employed for this purpoſe by Mr. Pope, when the books were in the country, and by the earl of Oxford, when they were in London.

Not long after, the poſthumous works of Mr. Wycherley were publiſhed in ſuch a manner, as could no way encreaſe the reputation of that gentleman, who had been Mr. Pope's firſt correſpondent and friend, which appeared ſo ſtrongly in ſeveral of thoſe letters, that it was deemed an act of juſtice to Mr. Wycherley's memory to print a few, to diſcredit the impoſition; and accordingly ſome were tran-

tranſcribed for the preſs from the above-mentioned manuſcript.

This edition had no ſooner appeared, than Mr. Curl cried out, that it was an encroachment on his property. He then advertiſed a-new the letters to Mr. Cromwell, with additions, and promiſed encouragement to all perſons who ſhould furniſh him with any materials. This is an infamous practice too often uſed by bookſellers, to ſwell an author's works, in which they have ſome property, with any traſh they can foiſt in.

The piratical Curl had in the ſame audacious manner advertiſed the letters of Meſſrs. Prior and Addiſon. Such wicked practices deſerve a check from the legiſlature; becauſe every ſuch advertiſement is a tattoo for all the mercenary ſcribblers in a nation, and for all the ſervants in families, to procure any ſcrap of a great man's writing, in order to get money; and perhaps they often uſe ſiniſter means, as the opening of bureaus, picking their maſters pockets, *&c.*

Curl continued encreaſing his collection by thoſe baſe methods, in contempt of all application made to diſſuade him. Nay, he was ſo indefatigable in his purſuits, that having

having got a greater inſight into Mr. Pope's correſpondence by letters, than could at that time be apprehended, he publiſhed the following advertiſement on the 12th of May 1735.

" This day are publiſhed, and moſt " beautifully printed, price five ſhillings, " Mr. Pope's literary correſpondence for " thirty years, from 1704, to 1734: " Being a collection of letters, regularly " digeſted, written by him to the right " hon. the late earl of Halifax, earl of " Burlington, ſecretary Craggs, Sir Wil- " liam Trumbull, honourable J— C—, " general * * *, honourable Robert Dig- " by, Eſq; honourable Edward Blount, " Eſq; Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Congreve, " Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Walſh, Mr. " Steele, Mr. Gay, Mr. Jervas, Dr. " Arbuthnot, Dean Berkley, Dean Par- " nell, &c. Alſo, Letters from Mr. " Pope to Mrs. Arabella Fermor, and " many other ladies. With the reſpective " Anſwers of each correſpondent. Print- " ed for E. Curl, in Roſe-ſtreet, Covent- " garden, and ſold by all the bookſellers.

" N. B. The *original manuſcripts* (of " which affidavit is made) may be " ſeen

" ſeen at Mr. Curl's houſe, by all who " deſire it."

The perſons Curl had practiſed with, to obtain the ſaid letters, he not making good his ſaid promiſe to them, turned againſt him. They publiſhed an adver-tiſement which laid open his villainous proceedings. And it is for theſe very ſtrong reaſons that Curl is ſo frequent-ly ſtigmatized by Mr. Pope. He, by a humourous return, put up Mr. Pope's head to be his ſign, to ſhew how much he was obliged to him, and how little he valued his ſatire.

If in general it cannot be denied that Mr. Pope attacked only the dunces of his time, it is equally certain that no man could be warmer to praiſe real merit in others. Next to commending good au-thors, the greateſt ſervice which can be done to learning, is to expoſe the bad, and thereby to force them to become ſome way or other uſeful to, inſtead of be-ing ridiculous members of ſociety.

The work next proceeded on by our author was Shakeſpear's, who had already paſſed through ſeveral hands, ſome of which, ſo far from being able to correct, were deemed almoſt incapable of under-ſtanding

ſtanding him. Therefore Mr. Pope was ſtrongly ſolicited by his friends to undertake the whole of Shakeſpear's plays; and if poſſible, by comparing all the different copies then to be procured, to bring him back to his own original purity and unadulterated meaning.

Mr. Pope thus modeſtly replied to the many ſolicitations made to him on that head, "That as he had never attempted "any thing in the dramatic way, ſuch an "undertaking in him might appear too "preſumptuous."

To that modeſt apology, a certain noble earl replied, "That the undertak-"ing in queſtion did not require a con-"ſummate knowledge of the drama-"tic art, of which Shakeſpear himſelf "was rather a ſtranger than a competent "judge, as is manifeſt from all his per-"formances; and that all required from "the hands of Mr. Pope, was to purge "many ſcenes of the nonſenſe which "meddling actors had impertinently clog-"ged them with."

After the deceaſe of Shakeſpear's mortal part (whoſe fame will live for ever) the players wantonly curtailed, eraſed, deranged, and ſubſtituted whole ſcenes, according

cording to their own particular whimſies; or inſerted whatever they thought would prove moſt pleaſing to the ears of the groundlings; whom to pleaſe, then was, and now is, the favourite paſſion of the hiſtrionic tribe.

The earl farther obſerved to Mr. Pope that his principal buſineſs would be, to reſtore Shakeſpear's text in many places to common ſenſe, as well as reſcue it from the obſcurities and abſurdities it then laboured under.

To do this, and mark the ſenſe, the lines, or even words ſuppoſed to be ſpurious, was all that nobleman told Mr. Pope was required of him; in the main no trifling taſk. How far he has ſucceeded in compliance with the requeſt, is differently judged.

To ſpeak the genuine and impartial truth, Mr. Pope has in ſome places ſet Shakeſpear to rights, and elucidated his meaning; but in others it is as certain that he has made him more unintelligible; which Mr. Theobald has proved in a book (publiſhed after Mr. Pope's edition of the great dramatic poet) called *Shakeſpear Reſtored*. Therein he makes ſome charges againſt the faultineſs of Mr. Pope's ſuppoſed amendment,

and

and calls upon him to juſtify them, whic
the other not chuſing or not being able t
do, nouriſhed a deep-rooted, nay almo
implacable reſentment to Mr. Theobald.

For when the latter brought on th
ſtage a tragedy called *The Double Falſhoo*
which he would fain have paſſed on th
public for a piece of the great Shak
ſpear's, Mr. Pope had very induſtriou
reported through the town, that Shak
ſpear had but little or no hand in it, and
ſupport his inſinuation quoted the follow
ing line:

None but thyſelf can be thy parallel.

This Mr. Pope called a marvellous li
of Theobald's. This play, the object
Mr. Pope's ridicule, was vindicated by M
Theobald. But notwithſtanding his d
fence, it was again attacked in *The A*
of Sinking in Poetry.

To ſay the truth of theſe two ri
commentators, there are many emendatio
might be made, which have been omitt
by both. So much for the edition
Shakeſpear, and the diſpute thereon.

While Mr. Jervas was in Irela
Mr. Pope remained in his houſe in Lo
don, improving himſelf in the art of pai
in

ng, of which he was paſſionately fond: Mr. Jervas, during his reſidence in Ireland, was entertained in the houſe of Dr. Swift.

Some time after Mr. Pope made a tour to Oxford.—Dr. Clarke being there at that time; according to their mutual deſire, they became acquainted with each other. The doctor was eminent for his learning, was a man of great penetration, profound speculation, a ſublime philoſopher, and a lover of free enquiry, and diſpaſſionate debate.

He had a natural propenſity to argument in a polite and rational way. He propoſed great pleaſure to himſelf in converſing with Mr. Pope, about the proofs of his religion, and upon what foundation an intelligent a man, and ſo fine a genius as Mr. Pope, could ſubſcribe to the unwarrantable traditions and injunctions of the church of Rome; all which he aſſerted were contrary to the true ſenſe of the ſacred ſcripture.

But Mr. Pope on the firſt time of Dr. Clarke's opening to him on that head, replied (in order that he might have no more of it) "My reverend friend, Dr. Clarke, it is but a little while I can enjoy your company here in Oxford, which we will not

"ſo

" ſo miſpend, as it would be doing, ſhoul
" we let it paſs in talking of divinity
" neither would there be time for either
" us half to explain ourſelves, and at la
" you would be proteſtant Clarke, and
" papiſt Pope."

It is now time to ſpeak of the *Eth* *Epiſtles*, which are to bad men, what th *Dunciad* is to bad poets; and as in the la ter, ſo in the former, he does not intirel ſpare the ladies. It would have bee highly erroneous in our great moral cen for to neglect being of ſervice to th deſireable and moſt lovely part of huma ſociety.

Beſides, their natural tendency to v nity muſt have been too much encourage on finding themſelves let paſs free of a cenſure, and ſeeing the other ſex ſo maule

The firſt *Ethic Epiſtle*, which is on th knowledge and character of men, our po addreſſed to lord Cobham, who honour him with his friendſhip, finding him thorough a hearted Engliſhman, whi was an additional merit to his excellen as a poet.

It was remarkable of Mr. Pope that never appeared ſo fond of any foreigne (whatever might be their religion) as

as of his own countrymen. He was a renuous diſcourager, ſo far as in him lay, f Italian operas.

Beſides, he was a warm promoter of nglish ſenſe, and of all valuable produc- ons in his native language, which he eemed ſuperior to all the modern, and onſequently the neareſt to the Latin and reek tongues, for energic proſe, and har- onious verſification.

He had ſo ſanguine, ſo truly patriot an ttachment to the manufactures of Old ngland, that when in compliance with ſhion he was neceſſitated to uſe things of oreign produce, or manufactures, his ational expreſſion was — "Pardon me, my country, I offend but ſeldom.".

The *Epiſtle on the Character of Women* addreſſed to Mrs. Blount, for whom Mr. Pope had an uncommon eſteem and gard, having known her from his early outh, as appears by his letters.

Many of the fair ſex, notwithſtanding e miſhapen figure and almoſt deformity f Mr. Pope, would have thought them- lves happy in having ſo much of his ompany and converſation; but few had erit equal with Mrs. Blount to deſerve it. he was of an inquiſitive temper, both as

to

to politicks and learning. Her being Roman Catholic too, made her ſtill mo valuable in the eyes of Mr. Pope; w had moreover a particular regard for h family.

The laſt ſickneſs of Mrs. Blount's br ther (the ſmall-pox) did not deter h from being conſtantly with him; an u common proof of ſiſterly love! M Pope, in a letter to her on her brothe death, aſſured her that ſhe continued gain ſtill greater power over him.

He at her deſire (which he calls co mand) ſent her ſome verſes, which he ſa ſhould ſhe think them very bad ones, was therefore the more obliged to hi he knowing that as well as ſhe, yet not decline ſending them.

In anſwer to his openeſt declaration love, ſhe let him underſtand that it no way diſagreeable to her, and in an direct manner gave him liberty to ſt himſelf her admirer.

But to return to the *Epiſtle on the C racter of Women*;—A lady, whoſe na for virtue and rectitude of manners, been very conſpicuous, and who in bloom of life was reckoned one of moſt beautiful among our women of q

lity, took our poet to taſk about the afore-ſaid epiſtle.

This ſenſible and ſpirited lady pointed out ſeveral ſatirical ſtrokes, about which Mr. Pope pleaded for himſelf, as well as he could, ſaying, "That there were "women (though doubtleſs not known "to her ladyſhip) of ſuch characters as "he had drawn." Thus he hoped to evade the rebuke he knew ſhe would give him.

Having heard his plea, ſhe rejoined, "Mr. Pope, you ſay here

Men, ſome to buſ'neſs, ſome to pleaſure take,
But every woman is at heart a rake.

Now, pray ſir, do you think that I am, or ever have been, a rake in my heart? If not, I make no queſtion you have abuſed a great many women more beſides me. This accuſation is quite general; therefore I now acquit myſelf, and prove the guilt of falſehood upon you."

Mr. Pope's immediate reply to the lady was, "I ſhould think very ill of myſelf if I had even in thought abus'd your lady-ſhip. No, madam, I muſt entreat of you to obſerve, I only ſay,

That every woman is at heart a rake.'

" This no way affects your ladyſhip, wh
" was an angel when you was young
" and advancing into life, are almoſt
" already, become a ſaint."

By this artful compliment Mr. Pope g off ; for her ladyſhip was pleaſed with i and vented her accumulated reſentment ſaying, "O fie, O fie, you wits w " always make things out either a gre " deal worſe or better than they are."

Mr. Pope was ſo far from ſtigmatizi the ſex in general, that he laid hold every opportunity to ſpeak well of ma ladies.

Another epiſtle of our author's, whi was very much admir'd, is that upon *Uſe of Riches*, addreſſed to Allen lo Bathurſt. Such an unreſerved and un mitted freedom ſubſiſted between t nobleman and Mr. Pope, that the latt in another of the epiſtles, calls the form a philoſopher and rake; which was ſo from giving any offence, that it was turn into a matter of mirth.

Mr. Pope had advanc'd nothing m of that truly noble peer, than what was ſtrally true. He had a very great

g

gard for the fair ſex, which ſprang from his natural vivacity. None among the nobility exceeded him in taſte, which was turned entirely towards the grand; he hated every thing petit.

Mr. Pope's real ſentiments of worldly poſſeſſions breathe through this epiſtle. He knew very well how to enjoy the fortune he was bleſſed with; the ſober pleaſures were the only that his weak and delicate conſtitution could permit him to aim at; which, as on one hand it forbid him to run into any exceſs; ſo, on the other, he was never prompted thereto by his natural inclination.

He looked upon himſelf always as rich, becauſe, according to his ſenſible opinion, no man can be reckoned poor who is bleſs'd with competence, peace and health. He had a humane feeling, and charitable tenderneſs, for the diſtreſſes attendant on poverty, and juſtly reproaches, in this moral poem, all hardened hearts, that are callous to the wailings of calamity.

As he proceeds on the ſubject, he finds in the ſubſequent, occaſion to addreſs the earl of Burlington, a nobleman worthy the greateſt praiſe; of a taſte as true as diſtinguiſhed. He was a very great friend to

Mr. Pope, as a man; and a warm admirer of his writings, as a poet.

On account of the great friendſhip ſubſiſting between the poet and the nobleman, it has been matter of wonder to many, that the former was not remember'd in the latter's will.

By this we mean no other legacy than ſome valuable book, or ſtriking curioſity, which might ſerve as a memorial to poſterity of the ſtrong friendſhip that had ſo long ſubſiſted between them.

This epiſtle to lord Burlington is to be looked on but as a corollary to the precednig. For as the former treats the extremes of avarice and profuſion, ſo its ſequel takes in one branch of the latter; to wit, the vanity of expence in people of quality and fortune.

Our ſenſible poet, not without reaſon, admires how miſers can be ſo anxious to heap up riches which they never enjoy, and how prodigals can laviſh ſuch immenſe ſums in purchaſing what they have not the leaſt true reliſh for.

With pointed and attic ſatire, he juſtly turns into ridicule ſeveral patch'd and vamp'd up buildings, with ſome other

which

which did not diſcover any ray of ſkill in the architect.

According to Mr. Pope, he who would judge ſoundly of the works of architecture, ought previouſly to be endowed with ſome ſhare of common ſenſe; and the ſtrongeſt proof that can be produced of having the ſaid pre-requiſite endowment, is to follow nature in every plan propoſed for execution.

And this he lays down as an invariable rule, that every ſtructure ought to be peculiarly adapted to the ſituation of the place whereon it is to be erected; and that its beauties are to reſult from, and not to be crowded into it.

Then our judicious poet goes on with a deſcription, calculated to contain in epitome the principles of a farther taſte for magnificence; in order to demonſtrate the truth of his propoſition, that true taſte can never be acquired, but thro' the medium of good ſenſe.

According to Mr. Pope, the firſt wrong principle is to think that true greatneſs conſiſts in ſize and dimenſions; whereas, obſerves he, let the edifice be ever ſo vaſt, unleſs the parts relate to each other in harmony (for if there ſhould be

any apparent diſcordance or jarring) the monſtrous whole will be but a cluſter of many littleneſſes unnaturally crowded together.

All diſproportion muſt be carefully avoided; neither the ends nor boundaries muſt be ſeen at once: which if ſo ſeen, be they ever ſo large, they will loſe of their grandeur, and of the ſurprize they were to excite.

Having exemplified this doctrine in the *Deſcription of Timon's Villa*, a late noble duke (his grace of Chandos) is ſaid to have taken offence thereat: for all the town immediately applied it to him.

Mr. Pope's enemies begun to triumph, and his friends were ſomewhat concerned at his having attacked a peer, and one of the firſt claſs too, in ſo open a manner, and in ſuch diſreſpectful terms.

An univerſal murmur was raiſed, and the duke himſelf wrote a letter to Mr. Pope, obſerving to him that he ſhould have confined his petulant ſatire to ſuppoſed characters, and not pretend to give for a real one what altogether belongs to no body.

Mr. Pope at laſt, convinced of his error, was ſorry that he had puſhed matters ſo far

far; but there was no receding. All he could do for himſelf was to palliate a little, and partly deny that he had meant the duke of Chandos in the character of Timon, which he got done indirectly, by the intermediation of a letter from Mr. Cleland to Mr. Gay.

But this letter of Mr. Cleland's had not the deſired effect; nor one afterwards written by Mr. Pope himſelf to the duke, wherein he proteſted himſelf innocent, and that the inſult to his grace derived not from him, but from the malignity of thoſe who had induſtriouſly applied the reſemblance, and ſpread the report.

The town, in ſpite of all Mr. Pope's aſſeverations to the contrary, perſiſted to think that he had purpoſely meant the duke of Chandos. The imputation ſtuck, and people began to talk very ſeverely of him, for having thus laſhed a nobleman, who had been his friend; and they farther declared him to be a man of dangerous commerce, and therefore to be avoided.

This charge was not only ſeconded, but aggravated by all his enemies among the ſcribling fry; and ſo far, that it was generally aſſerted, nothing leſs than a publick

diſowning of theſe verſes, as meant to ſignify the character of the duke, could poſſibly be ſufficient to obviate the ſentence the town muſt paſs againſt him. This in ſome meaſure he complied with, in a letter to the earl of Burlington; which at laſt cooled the rage of the publick, and was looked upon as a full denial of the character of lord Timon belonging to the beforementioned duke, and therefore remained the imaginary Timon.

It is deſired of our readers, that theſe four original epiſtles ſhould be diſtinguiſhed from thoſe wrote when our poet was younger, as well as from them wherein he profeſſes to imitate Horace and Dr. Donne; theſe being purely his own wit and philoſophy, and are ſufficient, had he wrote nothing elſe, to have proved him an excellent poet, and a ſublime thinker, where-ever nothing but morals were the ſubject.

We have another letter of this ſort addreſſed to Dr. Arbuthnot, which contains an apology for himſelf and writings. It was drawn up at ſeveral times, as occaſion offered. He had no thought of publiſhing it, till it pleaſed ſome perſons of rank and fortune to attack in a very extraordinary manner, not only

his

his writings, but his morals, perſon, and family; of which he therefore thought himſelf obliged to give ſome account.

Beſides the merit of an excellent phyſician, Dr. Arbuthnot was a man of letters, genius, and uncommon humour. It was reported that he, as well as Mr. Pope, had a hand in the comedy called *Three Hours after Marriage*, that goes in the name of Mr. Gay; which not ſucceeding, (for it was a mean performance) drew reflections on the ſaid trio of authors; who, though they failed in this undertaking, were juſtly celebrated for many other works.

This worthleſs performance having been juſtly cried down by the town, Mr. Cibber had a ſtroke at it in the character of Bayes. In reſentment of which Mr. Pope inſerted, in the above-mentioned letter to Dr. Arbuthnot, the following line:

And has not Colley ſtill his lord and whore?

Mr. Cibber, from his uſual laughing indolence, let this line paſs by unnoticed; but when he found himſelf ſo glaringly and repeatedly attacked in the *Dunciad*, (tho' he does not deny its being an excellent poem in its kind) without, as he pro-

teſts, having ever given any provocation whatſoever to Mr. Pope, he thought it high time to retaliate, and anſwer the ſeveral bills of diſcredit which Mr. Pope had wantonly drawn upon him.

The late laureat, from a ſenſe of his bad knack at rhiming, and of Pope's great ſuperiority in the jingling art, attacked him in what he was maſter of, ſpirited proſe; of which our readers will, no doubt, be pleaſed to have ſome extracts; which, at the ſame time that they are informed thereby of the cauſe of the quarrel, they may be able to judge of the ſtyle and manner of the narrative.

"The play of the *Rehearſal*, which "had lain ſome few years dormant, being "by his preſent majeſty, then prince of "Wales, commanded to be revived, the "part of Bayes fell to my ſhare. To this "character there has always been al- "lowed ſuch ludicrous liberties of obſer- "vation, upon any thing new, or remark- "able, in the ſtate of the ſtage, as Mr. "Bayes might think proper to take.

"Much about this time then, *The three* "*Hours after Marriage* had been acted "without ſucceſs; when Mr. Bayes, as "uſual, had a fling on it; and which in

"itſelf

" itſelf was no jeſt, unleſs the audience " would pleaſe to make it one. But " however, flat as it was, Mr. Pope was " mortally ſore upon it. This was the " offence :

" In this play two coxcombs, being in " love with a learned virtuoſo's wife, to " get unſuſpected acceſs to her, ingeni- " niouſly ſend themſelves as two preſented " rarities to the huſband ; the one cu- " rioufly ſwathed up like an Egyptian " mummy, and the other ſlily covered in " the paſteboard ſkin of a crocodile. " Upon which poetical expedient, I, Mr. " Bayes, when the two kings of Brent- " ford came from the clouds into the " throne again, inſtead of what my part " directed me, made uſe of the following " words ; *viz.*

" Now, ſir, this revolution I had ſome " thoughts of introducing by a quite dif- " ferent contrivance ; but my deſign tak- " ing air, ſome of your ſharp wits I " found had made uſe of it before me ; " otherwiſe I intended to have ſtolen one " of them down in the ſhape of a mum- " my, and t'other in the ſhape of a cro- " codile.

" Upon

" Upon which the audience, by the " roar of their applauſe, ſhewed their " proportionable contempt for the play " they belonged to.

" This was ſo heinouſly taken by " Mr. Pope, that in the ſwelling of his " heart, after the play was over, he came " behind the ſcenes, with his lips pale, " and his voice trembling, to call me to " account for the inſult; and accordingly " fell upon me with all the foul language " that a wit out of his ſenſes could be " capable of. Let the reader gueſs from " this concern, who was the mother of " the child.

" When he was almoſt choaked with " the foam of his paſſion, I was enough " recovered from my amazement to make " him, as near as I can remember, this " reply; viz.

Mr. Pope, you are ſo particular a man, " that I muſt be aſham'd to return your " language as I ought to do. But ſince " you have attack'd me in ſo monſtrous " a manner, this you may depend upon, " that as long as the play continues to be " acted, I will never fail to repeat the " ſame words over and over again.

" A

" As he accordingly found that I kept " my word for ſeveral days following, " he has ſince thought that his pen was " a ſharper weapon than his tongue to " truſt his revenge with. And however " juſt cauſe this may be for his ſo doing, " it is at leaſt the only cauſe my con- " ſcience can charge me with.

" But let us return to the above-quoted " line of Mr. Pope's, and Cibber's retort " to it.

And has not Sawney too his lord and whore?

" Would not the ſatire have been equally " juſt? or would any ſober reader have " ſeen more in the line, than a wide " mouthful of ill manners? As to the " firſt part of the charge, the lord; why " we have both had him, and ſometimes " the ſame lord.

" As to the latter charge, the *whore*, " there indeed I doubt you will have the " better of me; for I muſt own, that I " know more of your whoring than you " do of mine; becauſe I do not recollect " that ever I made you the leaſt confi- " dant of my amours; though I have " been very near an eye-witneſs of yours."

" By

" By the way, gentle reader, do no
" you think to say only *a man ha*
" *his whore*, without some particular cir-
" cumstances to aggravate the vice, i
" the flatteſt piece of ſatire that ever fe
" fell from the formidable pen of Mr
" Pope?

" Becauſe, (*defendit numerus*) take the
" firſt ten thouſand men you meet, and I
" believe you would be no loſer if you
" betted ten to one that every ſingle ſin-
" ner of them, one with another, had
" been guilty of the ſame frailty.

" But as Mr. Pope has ſo particularly
" picked me out of the number, to make
" an example of, why may I not take
" the ſame liberty, and even ſingle him
" out for another, to keep me in counte-
" nance?

" He muſt excuſe me then, if in what
" I am going to relate, I am reduced
" to make bold with a little private con-
" verſation. But as he has ſhewn no
" mercy to Colley, why ſhould ſo unpro-
" voked an aggreſſor expect any for him-
" ſelf? And if truth hurts him, I can't
" help it.

" He may remember then, or if he
" won't I will, when Button's coffee-
" houſe

" houſe was in vogue, and ſo long ago
" as when he had not tranſlated above
" two or three books of Homer, there was
" a late young nobleman * (as much his
" lord as mine) who had a good deal of
" wicked humour, and who, though he
" was fond of having wits in his compa-
" ny, was not ſo reſtrained by his con-
" ſcience, but that he loved to laugh
" at any merry miſchief he could do
" them.

" This noble wag, in his uſual *Gaiete de*
" *Cœur*, with another gentleman † ſtill in
" being, one evening ſlily ſeduced the cele-
" brated Mr. Pope as a wit, and myſelf as a
" laugher, to a certain houſe of carnal re-
" creation, near the Hay-market; where
" his lordſhip's frolick propoſed, was to
" ſlip his little Homer, as he called him,
" at a girl of the game, that he might ſee
" what ſort of figure a man of his ſize,
" ſobriety, and vigour (in verſe) would
" make when the fit of love had got into
" him.

" In which he ſo far ſucceeded, that
" the ſmirking damſel, who ſerved us

* The earl of Warwick.
† The late commiſſioner Vaughan.

" with

" with tea, happened to have charms
" ſufficient to tempt the little tiny man-
" hood of Mr. Pope into the next room
" with her.

" At which you may imagine his lord-
" ſhip was in as much joy at that which
" might happen within, as our ſmall
" friend could probably be in poſſeſſion
" of it.

" But I (forgive me all ye mortified
" mortals, whom his fell ſatire has ſince
" fallen upon) obſerving he had ſtaid as
" long as without hazard of his health he
" might,

Prick'd to it by fooliſh honeſty and love,

" as Shakeſpear ſays, without ceremony,
" threw open the door upon him, where
" I found this little haſty hero, like a ter-
" rible tom-tit, pertly perching upon the
" mount of love. But ſuch was my ſur-
" prize, that I fairly laid hold of his
" heels, and actually drew him down ſafe
" and ſound from his danger.

" My lord, who ſtaid tittering with-
" out, in hopes the ſweet miſchief he
" came for would have been completed,
" upon my giving an account of the action
" within, began to curſe me, and call me an

" hun-

" hundred ſilly puppies, for impertinently
" ſpoiling the ſport.

" To which, with great gravity, I re-
" plied, Pray, my lord, conſider what I
" have done was in regard to the honour
" of our nation! For would you have had
" ſo glorious a work as that of making
" *Homer* ſpeak elegant Engliſh, cut ſhort,
" by laying up our little gentleman of a
" malady which his thin body might
" never have been cured of. No, my
" lord, *Homer* would have been too ſeri-
" ous a ſacrifice for our evening's merri-
" ment.

" Now, as his *Homer* has ſince been ſo
" happily completed, who can ſay that
" the world may not have been obliged
" to the kindly care of Colley, that ſo
" great a work ever came to perfection?

" Though I confeſs recrimination to be
" but a poor defence for one's own
" faults; yet when the guilty are accu-
" ſers, it ſeems but juſt to make uſe of
" any truth that may invalidate their evi-
" dence. I therefore hope, whatever the
" ſerious reader may think amiſs in this
" ſtory, will be excuſed by my being ſo
" hardly driven to tell it.

" I could wiſh too it might be ob-
" ſerved, that whatever faults I find with
" the morals of Mr. Pope, I charge none
" to his poetical capacity, but chiefly to
" his ruling paſſion, which is ſo much his
" maſter, that we muſt allow his inimi-
" table verſe is generally warmeſt when
" his too fond indulgence of that paſſion
" inſpires it.

" How much brighter ſtill might tha
" genius ſhine, could it be equally in
" ſpired by good nature!" Thus fa
Colley Cibber in his defence. Between th
plaintiff and defendant we ſhall not tak
upon us to determine, but leave it to ou
readers.

Mr. Pope, tho' acquainted with a gre
number of the nobility, never condeſcend
ed to be a courtier. He had perſonal di
likes to ſome of the foremoſt of thei
and particularly to their graces the duk
and dutcheſs of Marlborough. The gre
general he laſhes in the four followin
lines:

Triumphant leaders at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer clo
and bread;
As meanly plunder, as they bravely fough
Now ſave a people, and now ſave a grea

O

Our poet's diſlike at firſt aroſe from an early prejudice in favour of Dean Swift, who in the *Examiner* made a great ſtir about the bread-affair, and the other complaints that were made againſt the duke from the army.

And what farther aggravated his diſlike was, that he thought himſelf not treated with the reſpect he expected by the heads of that family when he made a tour to Blenheim, and which he had met with from many of the nobility.

To ſpeak the truth of Mr. Pope, he was not made for courts. He had nothing inſinuating or fawning about him, neither could he flatter any body. His perſon did not ſpeak in his behalf, but rather made againſt him, and his weakly conſtitution could not undergo the neceſſary fatigues of dancing attendance.

He was diſqualified from all offices of profit and truſt by his religion. In fine, inſtead of being able to humour others, he ſtood in need of being humoured himſelf; and his ſplenetic turn of mind adapted him for the ſequeſtered life he was ſo fond of.

Subject-matter for his ſatyrical muſe he never wanted, nor was at any time afraid

afraid of writing blunt truths. He chose to live retired, and where his figure was of no ſignification one way or other. He had ſufficient attendants for all the offices he ſtood in need of, was able to pay double taxes, and lived like a man in a genteel independance.

When he ſpeaks diſapprovingly of the great, he generally means the court, to which his diſguſt was augmented by the diſappointment of Mr. Gay, who was to Mr. Pope one of his deareſt friends.

The latter aſſiſted the former in his writings, lov'd him for his truth, humour, honeſty and wit. It is hardly poſſible for a firmer friendſhip to be contracted between two men. Both parties were equally diſintereſted and ſincere.

Their friendſhip never knew any interruption, or accidental allay, was never leſſened by diſtance, nor cooled by any difference of humour, principles, temper, or religion, about which it was agreed between them never to diſcourſe.

Mr. Gay remember'd very well the vain efforts of the biſhop of Rocheſter on that head, and had obſerved his converſation to be always embittered by the in-

tro-

producing any religious debate, which he therefore carefully avoided.

Altho' the comedy of *Three Hours after Marriage* came out in Mr. Gay's name, it is certain Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope were ſaid to be concerned in it, the latter chiefly.

It was principally levell'd at Dr. Woodward, who was pointed at in it under the name of Dr. Foſſile, acted by the beſt Engliſh comedians, who could not make the piece ſucceed, it was ſo intrinſically bad.

On the failure of this poem Pope embraced all opportunities of denying his having any hand in it, and Mr. Gay has not inſerted it in the collection of his poetical writings.

Whenever the latter had any time upon his hands, or was free from the great, from whom he had continual invitations, Mr. Pope uſed to recite the old propoſal of their living together; which he was reſolved to put in execution as ſoon as his old mother, then in a bad ſtate of health, ſhould depart.

Mr. Gay's health having been much impaired, Mr. Pope generouſly declared, that for the recovery thereof he would chear-

chearfully run with him the riſk of all fa-
tigue and change of climate, and repair
with him to whatever air might be thought
would conduce the moſt effectually to re-
inſtate him in his health, affected by ſe-
veral diſappointments from the court.

From this period, tho' Mr. Gay was
no longer connected with any courtiers,
yet was he warmly befriended by the duke
and dutcheſs of Queenſbury, who had a
hand in contributing to the unexampled
ſucceſs of the *Beggar's Opera*. Mr. Pope
had a hand in ſeveral of the ſongs; for he
was zealous to the laſt degree to contribute
all in his power to Gay's welfare.

He encouraged him to write a ſequel
with ſtill more ſarcaſtic ſtrokes againſt the
court, which in the firſt part had ſo good
an effect upon the publick. The ſequel
being executed by Mr. Pope's advice, it
was called *Polly*, after the favourite cha-
racter of the *Beggar's Opera*; and in which
it is imagin'd there were as many lines of
Mr. Pope's as of Mr. Gay's writing.

It was given into the hands of Mr.
Rich, who had conceived hopes of great
gain from it; which muſt unavoidably have
enſu'd: but Mr. Gay, to his no ſmall
ſurprize, received notice from my lord
cham-

chamberlain to bring him the *Opera* for his perusal; which was accordingly done; and when after some time he was waited on for it to be returned to the house, he told Mr. Gay, that for several reasons he did not think it proper to be acted; and in consequence it was prohibited.

Nothing remained for the disappointed author but to publish it, and first to soften here and there an expression. Upon the whole, it wanted the natural turn of the *Beggar's Opera*, and is little more than a fresh satire, levelled at the same persons the *Beggar's Opera* was.

However, those who had taken Mr. Gay under their protection, still upheld him. He was sorely stung by this unexpected baulk, as appears by his letters on that occasion, particularly one to Mr. Pope; who was so deeply concern'd at it, that he (being ill before) was made so much worse as to keep his chamber some weeks.

When all Mr. Gay's expectations from the court were thus reduced to nothing, he spent his life chiefly in the country, with the duke and dutchess of Queensbury.

His melancholy and distemper getting the better of him, though he had always been

been a man of but few words, he began to grow ſtill more reſerved, and ſeemed to loſe ſomething of his invention and ſtrength of genius.

Whether it were ſo in reality, or whether he began to think it in vain, and of no effect, his ſtomach grew weak, and his head began to be troubled with dizzineſs. He was moreover afflicted with cold damp ſweats, and an entire dejection of ſpirits.

Upon his return to London he was ſeiz'd with an inflammatory fever, of which he expir'd on the fourth day of November, 1732, in Burlington-gardens, near Piccadilly, at his grace the duke of Queenſbury's houſe; and, as Mr. Pope had ſaid of him five years before:

GAY dies unpenſion'd with a thouſand friends.

The little fortune he had fell to his two ſiſters, which he had acquired by his own prudence and labours, during his ſtewardſhip under the late dutcheſs of Monmouth.

His corpſe was brought, by the company of upholders, from the duke of Queenſbury's to Exeter Exchange in the Strand; and after lying there ſome time in ſtate,

ſtate, was on the 23d of December, at eight o'clock in the evening, drawn to Weſtminſter-Abbey in a hearſe adorned with black and white feathers; three mourning coaches drawn by ſix horſes attended.

His pall was ſupported by the right honourable the earl of Cheſterfield, the lord viſcount Cornbury, the honourable Mr. Berkeley, general Dormer, Mr. Gore, and Mr. Pope. The funeral office was performed by the then biſhop of Rocheſter, Dr. Wilcox, the choir attending. The body was depoſited in the ſouth croſs iſle over-againſt Chaucer's tomb. A monument has been ſince raiſed at the duke and dutcheſs of Shrewſbury's expence.

Having ſaid ſufficiently of Mr. Gay, who was the man of all his friends whom Mr. Pope moſt dearly loved, it is time to give ſome account of a nobleman, not without talents, and to whom our poet on all occaſions expreſſed a great diſlike.

This noble author was lord Harvey; whom Mr. Pope in the epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot, in the firſt edition, called *Paris*, but in the ſubſequent, *Sporus*, and on other occaſions, lord *Fanny*.

Whenever our formidable ſatyriſt takes this peer in hand, he ſeems to have a particular delight in touching him to the quick Nay, he has even perverted the beauty of his perſon to all the diſadvantage he could.

His lordſhip had a remarkable ſoftneſs of ſkin, and a clearneſs of complexion, very rare amongſt men. The firſt bloom of his youth was worn off, before Mr. Pope pointed his ſatyr at him; which, they ſay, was provoked by his lordſhip (after he became a courtier) having reported diſadvantageouſly to the late queen of Mr. Pope.

Mr. Pope's unfortunate enemies ſmarting under the laſh of his powerful ſatyr, ſeized awkwardly on every trifling occaſion to detract, or lay any charge againſt him; ſuch was their accuſing of vanity the manner in which he begins his epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot, where our author intimates (as was truly the caſe) the difficulty of hiding himſelf from impertinent viſitors.

With this letter, in all likelihood, Mr. Pope's vein of ſatyr would have ſtopped, had not many perſons, taking ſhame to them-

themſelves, made a ſtir about his epiſtles in general.

Among the crowd of malecontents againſt Mr. Pope's poetical ſupremacy, was a certain lady, and undoubtedly a great wit, who had formerly been much eſteemed by Mr. Pope: but from a ſudden pique, which afterwards became an irreconcileable miſunderſtanding between him and her ladyſhip, ſhe let ſlip no opportunity of ſpreading reports very prejudicial to him.

She had cauſed to be confidently aſſerted, that he did not underſtand *Greek*, but had hired others to give him the ſenſe of Homer, which he put afterwards into Engliſh rhime; that he was a perſon of dangerous converſation, and moſt turbulent ſpirit; was a tool to Rome, and many other depreciating inſinuations, the baſer, for being groundleſs.

Mr. Pope on his ſide (as ſhe was informed) took great liberties with her character. An univerſal laugh was raiſed againſt her by the ſtory of a viſit, which, it was reported, the ſaid lady had been permitted to make to the Seraglio, when ſhe was with her huſband at Conſtantinople, where he reſided as ambaſſador from England.

This ſtory (no matter by whom ſtarted) gained ſo general a credit, and was the cauſe of ſo much tittering wherever her ladyſhip went, that ſhe took all manner of pains to make as many enemies as ſhe could to the works and perſon of the poet ſhe ſo cordially hated, ſuſpecting him to have been the author of the ſaid report, though ſhe had no very poſitive proof of it: nor by the world was he thought entirely innocent.

In order to act on the defenſive againſt the rabble rout of witlings, critics, &c. muſtered againſt him by this enraged amazon, who encouraged and led them on to battle,

Penthesilea furens mediis in millibus ardet.
VIRG.

he had recourſe to Horace and Dr. Donne. The former he imitated; and modernized the latter: which by the following advertiſement he introduced into the world:

" The occaſion of publiſhing theſe " imitations was the clamour raiſed on " ſome of my epiſtles. An anſwer from " Horace was both more full and of more " dignity, than any I could have made in " my own perſon; and the example of " ſo

" ſo much greater freedom in ſo eminent
" a perſon as Dr. Donne, ſeemed a proof
" with what indignation and contempt a
" chriſtian may treat vice or folly, in
" ever ſo low or ſo high a ſtation.

" Both theſe authors were acceptable
" to the princes and miniſters under whom
" they lived. The ſatyrs of Dr. Donne
" I verſified at the deſire of the earl of
" Oxford while he was lord treaſurer, and
" of the duke of Shrewſbury who, had
" been ſecretary of ſtate; neither of whom
" looked upon a ſatyr on vicious courts,
" as any reflection on thoſe they ſerved in.

" And indeed there is not in the world
" a greater error than that which fools
" are ſo apt to fall into; and knaves, with
" good reaſon, to encourage the miſtak-
" ing a ſatyriſt for a libeller; whereas to
" a true ſatyriſt nothing is ſo odious as a
" libeller, for the ſame reaſon, as to a
" man truly virtuous nothing is ſo hateful
" as a hypocrite."

In the firſt ſatyr of *Horace imitated*, he vindicates himſelf, and ſhews the reaſons why he writes ſo ſeverely, and then declares, that he would not ſpare even himſelf.

The ſecond ſatyr of *Horace*, which Mr. Pope has imitated, is chiefly a ſatyr againſt luxury and bad œconomy. He therein takes occaſion to ſhew the waſte of ſome, and the ſordid penuriouſneſs of others, recommending the medium to him that knows how to live properly; then ſhews the great advantage of temperance, and the contrary.

All we ſhall ſay in regard to the two ſatyrs which he has modernized from Dr. Donne, is, that under that cover he takes the liberty to ſay that which without the doctor at his back, he would not.

Dr. Donne is known to be a keen ſatyriſt, and wants nothing of Mr. Pope but his numbers. He meets at court, whither he was accidentally driven, a thread-bare parſon, ſeeking preferment there, and affecting the air of a courtier already.

The doctor was born in London in the year 1573, deſcended from a very good family in Wales, and had parents capable of giving him the beſt education, which they did: for at nine years of age he was ſent to Hart-hall in Oxford, having attained, beſides the Latin and Greek, a knowledge of the French tongue. He travel-

travelled abroad, was bred to the law, but at laſt took on to the church, and was advanced to the deanery of St. Paul's.

Let us now return to the parſon Dr. Donne met, who, it ſeems, had travelled, which was not an uncommon thing then, and his dreſs was not unlike that of a ſcholar.

His cloaths were coarſe, nay, black and bare. His jerkin had formerly been velvet, but it was then almoſt rubbed to raſh, and began to let the air in; ſo that in a very little time it would not hang together, to be known what it originally was made of.

Theſe were the laſt ſatyrs Mr. Pope wrote, except the new *Dunciad*, which was his laſt poetical work of all. Before we enter into diſquiſitions upon it, it is proper to ſay ſomething on the *Eſſay on Man*, which poem had and has a large party of admirers, and a great number of opponents.

All men of a true philoſophic ſpirit muſt declare for it, while the bigotted ſuperſtitious part of mankind form cabals againſt it; it is addreſſed to the late lord Bolingbroke, or what is more, to Henry St. John the philoſopher.

The epiſtles of which this *Eſſay on Man* conſiſts, were firſt publiſhed ſingly one after another, and without having any author's name affixed to them.

Not long after the publication, a then *belle-eſprit*, who had attempted ſomething in the poetical way, particularly a piece for muſick, which was performed in private before ſome of the royal family, paid a viſit to Mr. Pope; who, after the firſt civilities were over, enquired of him what news there was in the learned world, and what new pieces had lately appeared.

The minor bard replied, little or nothing worthy of his notice; that indeed there was a thing had made its appearance called an *Eſſay on Man*, epiſtle the firſt, threatening the town with more.

For his part, he ſaid, he had read it, and looked upon it as a moſt abominable piece of ſtuff; that the poetry of it was ſhocking, the philoſophy intolerable, and that upon the whole it was devoid of all connection or coherence whatſoever. He added, that if he had imagined Mr. Pope had not ſeen it, he would have brought it to him.

Mr. Pope heard him with great calmneſs, and frankly told him, that he had ſeen

ſeen it before it was ſent to the preſs; that he was the author of it; that it had been the work of ſome years; that for his part he thought the poetry properly ſuited to the ſubject, and that he had never apprehended it could have been liable to cenſure on that ſide, eſpecially by any pretender to the knowledge of numbers and ſtudy of harmony.

Mr. Pope's pert informer was ſo thunder-ſtruck by what he heard, that his face covered with the bluſh of confuſion, and his tongue unable to utter any excuſe, he took up his hat, make an awkward bow by way of taking leave, hurried out of the room, and never troubled Mr. Pope ſince with his diſagreeable preſence.

Our great poet had an acquaintance of quite an oppoſite caſt to this pragmatical bard, in the amiable Mr. Fenton, whoſe epitaph he has ſince wrote, and therein has drawn the true portrait, the living features of his mind. It was with men of ſuch a happy diſpoſition as Mr. Fenton was bleſſed with, that Mr. Pope always thought himſelf happy.

To ſuch (not to the great) he was continually making his court, and ſhewing himſelf in his beſt humours; and though

entertained them but ſparingly, he did it chearfully; by ſparingly, here, is meant temperately, not niggardly; for Mr. Pope placed a philoſophic medium between the two extremes, luxury, and meanneſs.

Notwithſtanding the many atrocious falſhoods inſinuated, and deſperate menaces uttered againſt him, he undauntedly continued to oppoſe and ſatiriſe vice and folly, as well as to militate in the defence of virtue and wiſdom; and therefore publiſhed a fourth book of the *Dunciad*, in which the poet declares the completion of all the prophecies mentioned in the preceding, to be effected.

When the South-ſea project took place, Mr. Pope declared himſelf an early enemy to it. For at that time, and ſince, he has ſufficiently ſhewn how he deteſted the contrivers of it, and pitied the ſufferers, among whom were ſome of his great friends.

To ſatisfy the clamours of the people, a publick enquiry was made after ſome of the promoters of it; but the iniquity was fixed where the ſearch could not reach, and the wronged remained without any reparation.

The

The ſpirit of the nation was depreſſed for ſome time, by the general calamity cauſed by ſo ſiniſter a ſcheme. The arts drooped, the gentry were impoveriſhed, and only a few confederate villains and their minions throve by it. How ſhocking, to a generous mind, muſt it have been to ſee with dejected faces many ruined families, that a month before had a train of domeſtics, and equipages, going on foot through the publick ſtreets, ſighing and unattended.

Mr. Pope's patriot genius thought to have made this the ſubject of a particular ſatyr, and certainly he wanted nothing to whet the edge of it; but the hackney ſcribblers ſeizing the top of the market, had quite run down the ſubject.

Mr. Pope afterwards occaſionally expreſſed his deteſtation of ſo iniquitous a ſcheme. It is amazing how the people of England could give into ſuch a frenzy, having had the recent example of France to warm them.

On this occaſion, as on many others, it was cuſtomary with him to walk a long time by moon-light in warm fine nights, to reflect on the tranſitory nature of all human poſ-

ſeſſions

ctions and delights; and this he elegantly calls the philoſophic feaſt of the mind.

Mr. Savage, ſo celebrated for the cruel treatment of his mother to him, his unexampled ſufferings and capriciouſneſs of temper (for it was ſaid of him that every ſtranger, he by his winning addreſs ſoon made a friend; but that every friend, by his perverſe behaviour, ſoon became an enemy) found a kind patron and benefactor in Mr. Pope. The unhappy Savage was a good critick, and a poet of merit. For inſtance, *The Baſtard*, *The Wanderer*, and other pieces, by which he acquired a reputation amongſt the judicious.

He lived a long time upon hopes and courtly promiſes, as may be ſeen in his life. In conſequence of their not being fulfilled, added to his own incorrigible extravagance, he was reduced to ſhocking difficulties, which he made known to Mr. Pope; who deſpairing of his ever living temperate in London, adviſed him to conſent, on a ſubſcription from a certain number of gentlemen of fifty pounds *per annum*, to retire into Wales, and there live privately in a cheap place, forgetting all promiſes of the court. Mr. Pope ſubſcribed twenty pounds of the ſtipulated annuity.

Savage

Savage had much blame to lay upon himſelf; for had he taken a pen and ſummed up the money he had received from the world for his writings, his penſions, for his benefits, and bounties, beſides ſubſcriptions from the great and compaſſionate, not to mention a conſiderable ſum of money he had from his friends and acquaintance, under the name of *Loan*, he muſt ſoon have ſeen he that had imprudently waſted that which would have enſured him a genteel independance, and being above the ſhame of being a load to any. But ſuch was the unhappineſs of his temper, and acrimony of his letters, that by degrees he loſt every friend but Mr. Pope. He died wretchedly in the common jail of Briſtol.

About the time this unhappy man expired, Mr. Pope intended to have got him his liberty; and had laid a ſcheme to provide for him in a way which would not be diſpleaſing to him. He had been a great charge to Mr. Pope for ſeveral years.

As ſoon as the unnatural mother of Savage heard of his death, ſhe expreſſed ſo cruel a joy, as when reported to Mr. Pope, extorted from him ſuch an epithet, that

that though she had amply deserved it, yet modesty forbids us to repeat.

To this instance, in regard to Savage, of compassion and generosity from the part of Mr. Pope, many more might be quoted. It must notwithstanding be owned that he was of a temper easily provoked, and not soon to be brought to any terms of reconciliation, he was truly of the

Genus irritable vatum——

The universal benevolence of Mr. Pope appears in no part of his works more conspicuous than his *Universal Prayer*. It is imagined that he chose the epithet *universal*, not in any sense of opposition, but that it might not be deemed as an act of competition with the common prayer used in protestant churches.

It is to be observed, that Mr. Pope, in this prayer, is so sensible of the continual praise arising from the creation, that he calls upon all beings, and all the incense of nature, bidding it to rise, at the same time that he knew it was continually rising.

So the Psalmist, though he knew the works of the Creation were praising the Lord,

Lord, ſays, naming ſeveral of them, *Praiſe ye the Lord.* This beautiful prayer is free from all uncharitable limitations of the Romiſh church. He indeed had always been, and indeed more ſo towards the cloſe of his life, a very moderate man.

This truly Chriſtian prayer breathes nothing throughout but peace, charity, and humility; is without any pomp in the phraſe, which here was purpoſely avoided. It is an excellent performance for ſo much, and worthy the ſerious attention of all religious philoſophers.

After Mr. Pope had finiſhed all the abovementioned works, he gave reſt to his pen, being able to write little, by reaſon of the weakneſs of his eyes, and other bodily infirmities. Finding his ſtrength entirely give way, he began to think that his days, which had been prolonged beyond his expectation, were drawing to a concluſion.

He repaired to the hot-well at Briſtol, (having been uſed before moſtly to go to Bath) where ſome time there were ſmall hopes of his recovery. He ſeemed at firſt to receive a little benefit by the air, and the proſpect (which he oftentimes ſaid was the fineſt he ever ſaw) delighted him.

On

On making too free with purges, he grew worſe again, and ſeemed deſirous to draw nearer home, which by degrees he did, ſtill declining as to health, and wholly reſigned to leave a world in which as much honours had been paid to his ſuperior talent as ever poet of any country antient or modern received; yet (as an allay) from the delicacy of his body, his life had been a continual ſcene of ſuffering to him.

He continued for ſome time in the ſame ſtate of illneſs; but at length the ſymptoms of his diſorder began to change, though his ſenſes remained with him to the laſt; and on the 30th of May, in the Year 1744, he expired at his houſe in Twickenham, and, according to his will, is interred in the pariſh church there, with his father and mother, whom he ſo dearly loved.

APPEN-

APPENDIX.

AS it muſt prove entertaining to all ingenious readers to have a view of the hereditary abuſe of dulneſs againſt ſuperior merit, the following parallel will furniſh them a ſtriking inſtance.

A

PARALLEL

OF THE

CHARACTERS

OF

Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Cotemporaries.

Mr. DRYDEN,

His Politicks, Religion, Morals.

MR. Dryden is a mere Renegado from *monarchy*, *poetry*, and *good ſenſe (a)*. A true *republican* ſon of a *monarchical* church.

(a) *Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil*, 8vo. 1698, p. 6.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE.

Mr. POPE,

His Politicks, Religion, Morals.

MR. Pope is an open and mortal *enemy* to his country, and the commonwealth of learning *(a)*. Some call him a popiſh *Whig*, which is directly inconſiſtent

(a) *Dennis's Remarks on the Rape of the Lock*, p. 12.

church (*b*). A republican *atheiſt* (*c*). Dryden was from the beginning an αλλο-προσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue ſo to the laſt (*d*).

In the poem called *Abſalom and Achitophel* are notoriouſly traduced, the King, the Queen, the Lords and Gentlemen; not only their honourable perſons expoſed, but the whole nation and its Repreſentatives notoriouſly libelled: it is *Scandalum Magnatum*, yea of majeſty itſelf (*e*).

He looks upon *God's Goſpel* as a *fooliſh fable*, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor (*f*). His very *chriſtianity* may be queſtioned (*g*). He ought to expect more ſeverity than other men, as he is *moſt unmerciful* in his own *reflections* on others (*h*).

(*b*) *Page* 38.
(*c*) *Page* 192.
(*d*) *Page* 8.
(*e*) *Whip and Key*, 4to. *printed for R. Janeway*, 1682, *Preface*.
(*f*) *Ibid.*
(*g*) *Milbourn*, p. 9.
(*h*) *Ibid.* p. 175.

With

tent (*b*) Pope, as a Papiſt, muſt be a *Tory* and *High-flyer* (*c*). He is *both* a Whig and a Tory (*d*). He hath made it his cuſtom to cackle to more than one party in their own ſentiments (*e*).

In his *Miſcellanies*, the perſons abuſed are, the King, the Queen, his late Majeſty, both Houſes of Parliament, the Privy-Council, the Bench of Biſhops, the eſtabliſhed Church, the preſent Miniſtry, &c. To make ſenſe of ſome paſſages, they muſt be conſtrued into *Royal Scandal* (*f*).

He is a Popiſh rhymeſter, bred up with a *contempt* of the *Sacred Writings* (*g*). His *Religion* allows him to *deſtroy Hereticks*, not only with his pen, but with fire and ſword; and ſuch were all thoſe *unhappy wits* whom he ſacrificed to his *accurſed Popiſh principles* (*h*). It deſerved vengeance

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(*b*) Dunciad diſſected.

(*c*) Preface to *Gulliveriana*.

(*d*) *Denn.* and *Gild.* Character of Mr. *P.*

(*e*) *Theobald*, Letter in *Miſt*'s Journal, *June* 22, 1728.

(*f*) Liſt at the end of a Collection of Verſes, Letters, Advertiſements, 8vo. Printed for *A. Moore*, 1728. and the Preface to it, p. 6.

(*g*) *Dennis*'s Remarks on Homer, p. 27.

(*h*) Preface to *Gulliveriania*, p. 11.

to

With as good right as his *Holineſs*, he ſets up for *poetical infallibility (i)*.

Mr. DRYDEN only a Verſifyer.

His whole libel is all *bad matter*, beautifyed (which is *all* that can be ſaid of it) with *good metre (k)*. Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his *virſification*; and whether he is to be enobled for *that only*, is a queſtion? *(l)*

Mr. DRYDEN's VIRGIL.

Tonſon calls it *Dryden's Virgil*, to ſhow that this is not that Virgil ſo admired in the Auguſtan age, but a Virgil of another ſtamp, a *ſilly*, *impertinent*, *nonſenſical* Writer *(m)*. None but a Bavius, a Mœvius, or a Bathyllus carp'd at Virgil, and none but ſuch unthinking Vermin *admire* his tranſlator *(n)*. It is true, *ſoft and eaſy*

(i) Page 39.
(k) Whip and Key, Preface.
(l) Oldmixon's Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 84.
(m) Milbourn, p. 2.
(n) Page 35.

lines

to ſuggeſt that Mr. Pope had leſs *infallibility* than his *nameſake at Rome (i)*.

Mr. POPE only a Verſifyer.

The *ſmooth numbers* of the Dunciad are *all* that recommend it; nor has it *any other merit (k)*. It muſt be owned that he has got a notable *knack* of rhyming, and writing *ſmooth verſe (l)*.

Mr. POPE's HOMER.

The *Homer* which Lintot prints, does not talk like *Homer*, but like Pope; and he who tranſlated him one wou'd ſwear had a hill in Tipperary for his *Parnaſſus*, and a Puddle in ſome Bog for his *Hippocrene (m)*. He has no *Admirers* among thoſe that can diſtinguiſh, diſcern, and judge *(n)*.

(i) Dedication to the Collection of Verſes, Letters, p. 9.

(k) Miſt's Journal of June 8, 1728.

(l) Character of Mr. P. and *Dennis on Homer.*

(m) Dennis's Remarks on *Pope's Homer*, p. 12.

(n) Ibid.

He

lines might become Ovid's *Epiſtles*, or *Art of Love*——But Virgil, who is all great and majeſtic, *&c.* requires ſtrength of lines, weight of words, and cloſeneſs of expreſſions, not an *ambling muſe* running on a carpet-ground, and ſhod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.——He has numberleſs faults in his Engliſh, in *ſenſe*, in his *author's meaning*, and in propriety of *expreſſion* (*o*)

Mr. DRYDEN underſtood no *Greek* or *Latin.*

Mr. Dryden was *once*, I have heard, at *Weſtminſter-School:* Dr. Buſby would have *whipt him* for ſo childiſh a paraphraſe (*p*). The meaneſt pedant in England would *whip a lubber* of twelve for *conſtruing ſo abſurdly* (*q*). The tranſlator is *mad*, *every line* betrays his ſtupidity (*r*). The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not

(*o*) Page 22, and 192.
(*p*) *Milbourn*, p. 72.
(*q*) Page 203.
(*r*) Page 78.

un-

He hath a knack at *ſmooth verſe*, but without either *genius* or good *ſenſe*, or any tolerable knowledge of *Engliſh*. The qualities which diſtinguiſh *Homer*, are the beauties of his diction, and the *harmony of his verſification*. ——— ——But this little author who is ſo much in vogue, has neither *ſenſe* in his *thoughts*, nor *Engliſh* in his *Expreſſions (o)*.

Mr. POPE underſtood no *Greek*.

He hath undertaken to tranſlate *Homer* from the Greek, of which he knows not *one word*, into Engliſh, of which he underſtands *as little (p)*. I wonder how this gentleman would look, ſhould be it be diſcovered that he has not tranſlated *ten verſes* together in any book of *Homer* with juſtice to the poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with *not underſtanding*

(o) Character of Mr. *P.* p. 17. and Remarks on *Homer*, p. 91.

(p) *Dennis*'s Remarks on *Homer*, p. 12.

understand his author (s). This shows how fit Mr. *D.* may be to *translate Homer!* A mistake in a single letter might fall on the *printer* well enough, but Εἶχε for Ἶχε must be the error of the *author*: nor had he art enough to correct it at the press (*t*). Mr. Dryden writes for the *court-ladies*.——He writes for the *ladies*, and not for use (*u*).

The Translator puts in a little burlesque now and then in Virgil, for a ragout to his *cheated subscribers (w)*.

Mr. DRYDEN tricked his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man who could but be conscious of his own *unfitness* for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an *undertaking!* A man ought to value his *reputation* more than *money*; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be *imposed upon* merely by a

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(*s*) Page 206.
(*t*) Page 19.
(*u*) Page 124, 190.
(*w*) Page 67.

par-

Greek (*q*). He has ſtuck ſo little to his original, as to have his *knowledge in Greek* called in queſtion (*r*). I ſhould be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies, which has ſo delighted the *ladies* and the gentlemen who judge like *ladies* (*s*).

But he has a notable art at *burleſque*, his genius ſlides ſo naturally into it, that he hath burleſqu'd Homer without deſigning it (*t*).

Mr. POPE trick'd his Subſcribers.

'Tis indeed ſomewhat *bold*, and almoſt *prodigious*, for a *ſingle man* to undertake ſuch a work! But 'tis too late to diſſuade by demonſtrating the *madneſs* of your project; the ſubſcribers expectations have been rais'd in proportion to what their

(*q*) Daily Journal of *April* 22, 1728.
(*r*) Supplement to the Profund. Pref.
(*s*) *Oldmixon*. Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 66.
(*t*) *Dennis*'s Remarks, p. 28.

partially and unſeaſonably celebrated Name (*x*), *Acetis quidlibet audendi*, ſhall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it ſhould extend to *picking of pockets* (*y*).

Names beſtowed on Mr. DRYDEN.

An Ape.] A crafty *ape*, dreſt up in a gaudy gown——Whips put into an *ape's* paw, to play pranks with——None but *apiſh* and *papiſh* brats will heed him. *Whip and Key, pref.*

An Ass.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is ſufficient for his ſtrength, but there is *another beaſt* that crouches under all: Mr. *Dryden*, &c. *Milb. p.* 105.

A Frog.] Poet *Squab* indued with poet *Maro's* ſpirit! an ugly, *croaking* kind of *vermin*, which would ſwell to the bulk of an *Ox*, p. 11.

A Coward.] A *Clinias*, or a *Damætas*, or a man of Mr. Dryden's *own courage*. p. 176.

(*x*) *Milbourn*, p. 192.
(*y*) Ibid. p. 125.

pockets have been drain'd of (u). Pope has been concern'd in jobbs, and hired out his *name to bookſellers.*

Names beſtowed on Mr. POPE.

An APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his chriſtian name, and the initial and final letters of his ſirname, *viz.* A. P. E. and they give you the ſame idea of an *ape* as his face, *&c. Dennis*, Daily Journal, *May* 11, 1728.

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's ſkin from this little *aſs. Dennis's Rem. on Homer. pref.*

A FROG.] *A ſquab ſhort gentleman*— a little creature, that, like the *frog* in the fable, ſwells and is angry that it is not allow'd *to be as big as an ox. Dennis's Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, pref.* p. 9.

A COWARD.] A lurking, way-laying *coward. Char. of Mr. P.* p. 3.

(u) *Burnet, Homerides*, p. 1.
(x) *Britiſh Journal, Nov.* 25, 1727.

A KNAVE.] Mr. Dryden has heard of *Paul, the knave of Jesus Christ*: and if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of John Dryden, *servant to his majesty*, p. 57.

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceited *fool*——*Whip and Key, Pref.* Some great poets are positive *blockheads*. *Milbourn*, p. 34.

A THING.] So little a *thing* as Mr. Dryden, Ibid. p. 35.

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and nature have marked for *want* of common *honesty*, *Ibid.*

A FOOL.] Great *fools* will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called *Homer*, p. 37.

A THING.] A little, abject *Thing*, Ib. p. 8.